JOHN BULL, AUGUST 1, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. L.
No. 1311.

WHETHER YOUR CAR IS OLD OR NEW "BP" PLUS WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

The "old Bus" has taken a new lease of life. It is as good as new since "BP" Plus went into its tank.

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COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Men's Shirts, 18/- per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 per doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Gent's Pullovers, 9/6 per doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue. Post Free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

7 WAYS HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN DRAPERY. See page 56 Wholesale Cat., free. Example of our prices: Men's Suits 20/-each. Thousands other bargains in stock.—Wolfson's Warehouse Mfg. Co., Thomas St., Manchester.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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IF YOU WANT TO EARN 50s. weekly with a chance of £2 bonus as well, read the offer of Carter, Coups & Co. on page 14.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. — Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFT every agent. Big Cash Commission. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 26, Neville Street, Leeds.

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XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Tea, Confectionery, Fancy Goods, etc. Large selection. Tip-top value. Generous commission.—Write, Aywun Clubs (Dept. 81), 39, Pratt St., London, N.W.1.

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FREE.—Send for FREE ART CATALOGUE "D" and details of no-deposit terms of ROYAL ENFIELD CYCLES, as offered on page 27.

A WONDERFUL new edition of the "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY is announced on page 28. The coupon which appears in the advt. will bring it on approval for five days' free examination.

WHATEVER your trade, there is a "PEX-WEAR" OVERALL to meet your requirements. See advt. on page 29.

A FREE Illustrated Catalogue is offered in the ENSIGN FILM Advt. on page 25.

AN Illustrated List of "PLATINUM" PENS, PENCILS, WRITING, WALLET and DESK SETS can be obtained free on application to the Mentmore Mfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. B.J.2, Platignum House, Hackney, E.9.

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A FREE Trial size of "VEET" will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address, Dept. 22a, Health Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. 22a, Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10. The offer appears on page 19.

SAMPLES of "CUTICURA" Preparations can be obtained on application to F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31-33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

SUFFERERS from CATARRH can obtain a free sample of "NOSTROLINE." — Address "Nostroline," J.30, Clifton, Bristol.

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FREE.—Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and a full-size 1/3 tube of "PEROXOL" for cleaning filthy finger nails will be sent.—Address, Dept. B., 65a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. See page 18.

FREE DOG GUIDE.—Write to-day for your copy of SPRATTS DOG GUIDE, a complete treatise on the care and management of dogs. 100 interesting pages and numerous illustrations. See advt. on page 25.

BEER at 1d. per pint. See "VIGGORMALT" advt. on page 29.

A FREE trial tube of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE can be obtained by *John Bull* readers by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 31. Send for your trial tube to-day.

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Opportunities for You on Page 14

Are you on the look-out for a profitable way of utilising your spare time, perhaps your whole time? Then this week's JOHN BULL will solve your problem. All the propositions mentioned on page 14 have been investigated, and thanks are due to the following firms for having prominently brought their interesting offers before JOHN BULL'S readers:—

City & Provincial Stores; Samuel Driver Ltd.; Pryce Jones Ltd.; Freeman's; Dave's Benefit Stores; G. W. Watson; Great National Stores Ltd.; Club Supplies; Shield Xmas Club; Carter, Coups & Co; Garnett & Hallmey Ltd.; Hoffbrand; Bradford Mills Co.; British Only Ltd.

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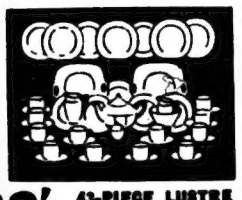

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GREAT SUMMER SALE
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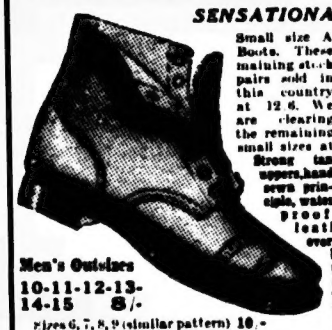

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Please send me FREE ART PLATES of "Miracle" sets.
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The **MIRACLE VICTORY**
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Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.G.), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

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AVAILABLE UNTIL DEC 31ST 1931

VOUCHER FOR 10 FREE COUPONS

We acknowledge this Voucher to count as **10 FREE COUPONS** *towards any Gift offered to smokers of*

Black Cat Cigarettes
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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, August 1, 1931. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. *Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

ANT police changes are
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Significant Police Moves

Women Shun Limelight

Black—White Tragedy

rings to defeat the auctioneer, who is compelled to accept the highest bid.

Such men are also bankrupt—in decency and finer feelings.

With our help

We are able to disclose the interesting information that secret consultations have been taking place between the Italian Air Ministry and a famous English firm concerning the Italian Schneider Trophy machines.

The English firm has unrivalled experience in testing aeroplane engines, and the Italians have had to seek its assistance on certain technical points.

So if the Italians win the race—that may be a feather in our cap, too!

Future plans

As we have already indicated, a General Election is being planned for November. The Socialists feel that they are rapidly losing supporters, and that it would be dangerous to remain much longer in office.

An intensive campaign is to be started in the early autumn, and overtures are to be made to the Trades Union Congress.

In return for union support, certain industrial legislation will be promised. This will include another Trade Union Bill, big schemes to relieve unemployment, a partial nationalisation of industries and banks, and the reform of the House of Lords.

Tightened up

When M.P.s exchange their travelling warrants in future, their tickets will be stamped "M.P." Thus it will be impossible for Members to use their warrants to obtain tickets for wives, children or friends.

As before, the tickets will be available only between London and the Member's constituency.

Yellow and black

Investigators appointed by the Liverpool University Social Survey declare that the Chinese in that city who have married white women have proved themselves model husbands.

They say there are very few of the white wives of the five hundred Chinese in the Pitt Street area who have had cause to regret their marriage.

These same investigators take an exactly opposite view of marriages between white girls and negro seamen.

We are not prepared to challenge these conclusions, but the sad fact remains that marriages between men and women of different colour scarcely ever lead to ultimate happiness and ought always to be discouraged.

The helping hand

An amazing change has come over German public opinion in the last few months.

The unstinted good will displayed by Great Britain in helping Germany out of her troubles has raised British prestige there higher, perhaps, than it has ever stood before.

Measured in terms of moral disarmament, this is a tremendous gain. A feeling of real friendship between any two nations does more to consolidate peace than the scrapping of a dozen battleships or battalions.

Teachers may strike

Trouble is brewing over the question of teachers' salaries. The present wage agreement expires next year, and the teachers are threatened with reductions.

The National Union of Teachers, which is negotiating for them with the Ministry, is composed mostly of women, and the men have little confidence in it.

About seven thousand of the men teachers, who are members of the Schoolmasters' Association, are threatening to go on strike if their demands are not met.

The come-back

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport, is getting himself into trouble with some of his Parliamentary followers because of things that are happening under his Road Traffic Act.

Mr. Joe Batey, the Durham miner M.P., is complaining, for instance, that the Traffic Commissioners have compelled 'bus-owners in some of the Durham colliery areas to raise from 6d. to 9d. a day the charge for carrying miners to and from work.

Threepence a day, he says, to these very low-paid workers is a serious matter.

Naked poverty

In Glamorgan a great many children are unable to attend school because their parents are unable to provide them with boots and clothes.

The Board of Education is already aware of these facts, and it would be well if the Ministry of Health were taken into consultation to see what can be done in the matter.

It is the duty of Public Assistance Committees to give relief to families who have reached this state of destitution. The Ministry of Health must keep a watchful eye on these committees in the distressed areas.

Nailing a libel

Before us we have some work-tickets showing that a South Wales miner for a full week of arduous toil receives the sum of £2 2s. 3d. Mostly, however, through short time, he receives about £1 10s.

On that sum his wife has to pay 10s. rent, keep the home going, and bring up a family of four children.

It is such silent heroism which gives the lie to those well-fed politicians who have been discoursing with incredible meanness and stupidity on "dole" abuses.

The thing to marvel at is that they are not ten times more widespead than they are said to be.

Drifting death

Three more floating mines reported by the steamer *Laengssee*, of Hamburg, in the North Sea off Hinder lightship, and again at Dover by a Danish steamer, show that this danger to life and shipping has still to be fought.

Although no proof was adduced as to the cause of her loss with all hands, it is presumed that the s.s. *Calder* struck a floating mine off the Humber.

Come along, Philip!

Mr. Snowden's refusal to undertake a scheme of Stock Exchange reform has caused dissatisfaction in the House.

Pressing for action

The project put before him was designed to prevent the swindles and market-rigging that have been so common during the last few years.

Several proposals have been put before the Chancellor, but for the moment he prefers to take no action.

Mr. Marcus, the lawyer Labour Member for Dundee, is among the Members who intend to keep on pressing for action.

Shares quoted at £3 eighteen months ago are, in some cases, now worth as little as three-halfpence. There is obviously room for control.

A wise change

As the result of arrangements made between the Ministry of Transport and the insurance companies, existing motor insurance policies will be amended so that in the event of licences having expired the policy will still be valid.

This is only provided the person driving a car with an expired licence has not been disqualified by a court of law, or by reason of age, disease, or physical disability from obtaining a licence.

Profit and loss

Quite recently five houses near Felixstowe were sold by the War Office. The price obtained for them has not been disclosed, nor will the War Office give any promise to reveal it.

The houses were hawked about at the sweet will of some official concerned, and finally disposed of by private treaty.

The whole circumstances of the sale demand some explanation, which has so far not been forthcoming.

At the very least, a Government department should be compelled to provide the same figures to the public in such matters as a company must do to its shareholders.

The man to do it

The best of luck to Sir John Tudor Walters, M.P., in his task of superintending the Government's new rural housing policy.

"We wish him luck"

It was a sensible move on the part of Mr. Greenwood to appoint this Liberal housing expert to be chairman of the Advisory Committee. If anybody can produce those 40,000 rural houses to be let at inclusive rents of 4s. 6d. a week he is the man to do it.

Incidentally, Mr. Greenwood hopes that the building of these cottages for agricultural workers will help to rid us of the "tied cottage" system.

A man living in a "tied cottage" loses his home as well when he loses his job. That is just heaping hardship on hardship.

Better news

During the coming half-year there will be rate reductions in many towns.

Coventry is planning a reduction of 1s. in the pound and Southend 3d. These are typical of scores of other towns.

Tenants of working-class houses are reminded that under the Rent Restrictions Act they are entitled to claim from the landlord a rent reduction equivalent to the reduced amount he pays in rates.

For a mongrel

There is a very proud mongrel in Horwich, Lancs. He has had the distinction of being rescued from a disused pit-shaft by a brave policeman and an equally courageous schoolboy.

The dog's cries were heard for some days, and eventually P.C. Postlethwaite was lowered by ropes and ladders.

He could not get to the dog, 60 ft. down the shaft. Bobbie Forrest, aged twelve, said he would go, and go he did.

He found the dog after crawling along the crumbling workings of the mine and handed it to the constable, who was waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

Now then, R.S.P.C.A.!

Tuning up?

One or two kinemas have tried the experiment of engaging an orchestra and have found that it pays. Others are following their example.

One kinema recently put on a complete opera with forty players and a company of about a hundred, and on the first day sold 15,000 tickets.

It looks as if the tide is turning at last against "canned" music.

But if our musicians are really to be given a chance, we hope proprietors will do away with the silly idea of expecting them to dress up in brilliant uniforms and call themselves by foreign names.

Not a "gold rush"

Builders and other labourers in all parts of London and as far afield as Wallington, in Surrey, were astir one morning last week as a result of an advertisement which appeared in the "Situations Vacant" columns of evening newspapers.

"Swyers," of 3, Kingly Street, Regent Street, London, W., apparently requiring the services of a general handyman, proclaimed his needs under the heading "builder." Hundreds of young men, married men and old men, assembled at an early hour.

Some were handed printed forms, and to their amazement they discovered that these referred to particulars such as moneylenders usually require.

"Have you borrowed money from a moneylender before?" was one of the questions. "How do you propose to repay the loan?" was another.

We should very much like to know how Mr. Swyers can reconcile these questions with his advertisement.

"If You See It—" —(Continued)

Our mills overseas

In addition to planning a British Empire Exhibition at Vancouver in 1936, Canada wants British firms to set up factories in the Dominions.

Plans are being made by the Industrial Departments of the Railways to afford special facilities for manufacturing with plant transported from the United Kingdom.

Instead of being made in Manchester, a million yards of bleached and printed cloth is being turned out from the Magog Textile Works at Montreal.

Idle cash

Some fifty years ago there was a terrible flood in Monmouthshire and a fund was raised to assist sufferers.

There is still a substantial sum in the fund, but the people for whom it was intended are either dead or no longer in need of assistance.

Accordingly, it has been suggested that the money should go to the Royal Gwent Hospital, Newport, but the Charity Commissioners decline to authorise the gift on the grounds that the money should be spent only for the purpose specified in the trust.

Since that purpose no longer exists, the Charity Commissioners should pinch themselves into wakefulness.

Cock-eyed legislation

In a belated attempt to encourage tourist traffic in England, the Government recently passed an Act giving permission and assistance to local authorities for publicity.

So far, however, it has turned down every application made to it except in the case of only one travel association.

Applicants have been refused on the strange grounds that the Government does not wish to encourage competition between different parts of the country at the public expense.

That sounds well; but why the Act, if they are not to be allowed to tell us—and the foreigner—about themselves?

In the depths

The appearance of two tiny children before the Swansea Juvenile Court the other day, on a charge of theft, revealed striking proof of the conditions described in our recent article, "Murder in the Basement."

These two children live with their parents and another child in two rooms. The "living" room is in the basement, and the only light is that which filters through a grating in the pavement.

What chance have either children or parents when conditions compel them to live like this?

The money barrier

Free secondary education is still a distant ideal, but there are now 400,000 children in secondary schools, and three-quarters of these have passed on from the elementary schools.

Under the present Government the number of free places in secondary schools has been increased from 40 to 50 per cent., and in special cases a local authority may arrange for 60 or 70 per cent. of free places in its secondary schools.

One day all secondary schools fees will certainly be abolished.

Tapped!

A well-dressed man called at a house in Waterloo, Liverpool, and told the woman that he was an inspector from the water department.

After looking round for a few minutes, he asked the housewife to oblige him by keeping her hand on the cistern lever upstairs.

"Do not let go," he warned her, "or I shall get wet while I am inspecting down below."

The woman held the lever until she was tired. At length she shouted downstairs for further instructions. There was no reply, and there was no inspector.

More than that, there was no loose cash or jewellery left in the house.

"Car Smash Mystery"

Under this heading in our issue dated July 18 we published a photograph of Frances Evelyn, Dowager-Countess of Warwick, in mistake for that of her daughter-in-law, the Countess of Warwick, who is mayor of that city, and who was on the Bench at the hearing of the dangerous-driving charge which we referred in our article.

We much regret the confusion on our part of the photographs of the ladies. The Dowager-Countess never sat on the Bench, and, of course, she had no knowledge of the case under review.

Coroners' census

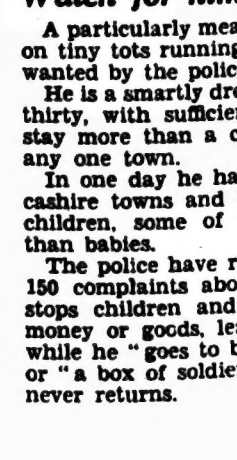
Coroners all over the country are co-operating in a census of fatal road accidents. All details are to be listed and the National Safety First Association is aiding the enquiry by tabulating statistics.

In the last twelve years the accident rate has steadily increased. More than 1,400,000 people have been killed or injured during this period.

We recommend the Ministry of Transport to keep an eye on the coroners' census.

Time for action

It is now six months since the Secretary of State for the Colonies announced his decision to set up a public enquiry into the dispute regarding land tenure, native reservations in Rhodesia, the Northern Charterland Exploration Company.



Should make them start

This company makes serious allegations regarding the circumstances under which this land was taken without any compensation to the company.

Why is nothing has yet been done? Lord Passfield should see to it that a Commission of Enquiry starts work without any further delay.

Bidding for patients

The medical profession is doing its best to put a stop to the manœuvres of certain chemists to secure orders from panel patients.

The amount of drugs purchased for those who are insured is now so large that chemists are competing with one another to do business with them.

Many chemists are offering rewards to induce patients to bring them their prescriptions to be dispensed.

Getting down to it

When the annual Labour Party conference takes place in October there will be less clap-trap and more common sense than is the case at most conferences.

Four whole mornings have been set aside for statesmanlike discussion of national problems.

Mr. MacDonald will explain the Government's general policy, Mr. Tom Johnston will discuss his work-proving plans, and Mr. W. Graham will talk of his ideas for reorganising some of the basic industries.

There will be a secret talk on Party finance for the General Election and another in-the-dark meeting on Party discipline.

Watch for him!

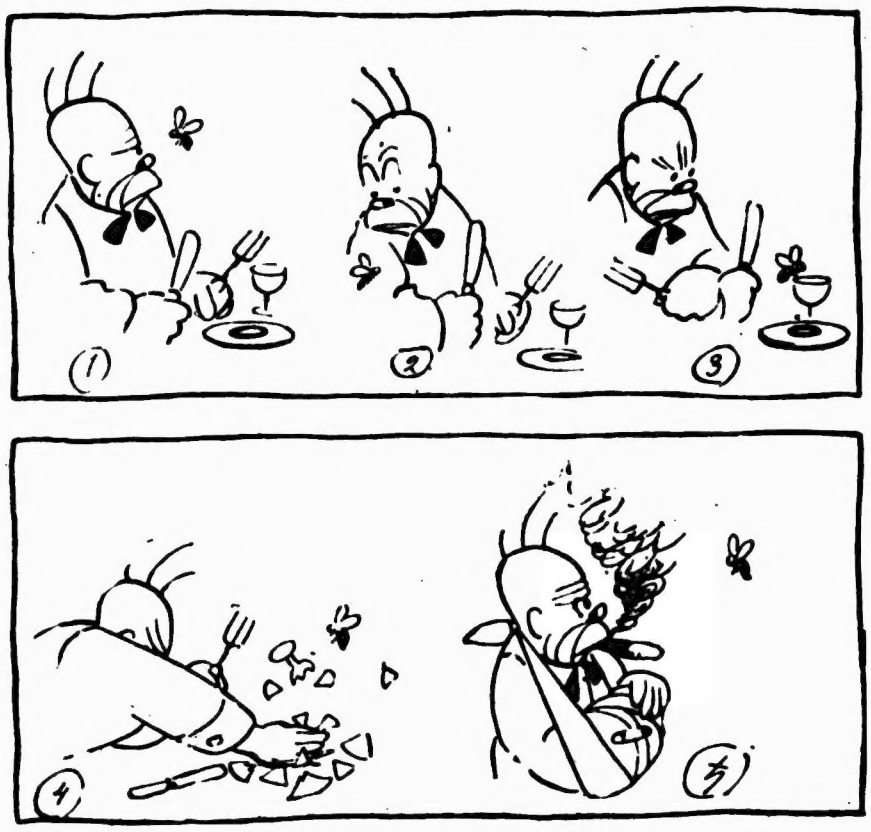
A particularly mean thief who preys on tiny tots running errands, is badly wanted by the police in the North.

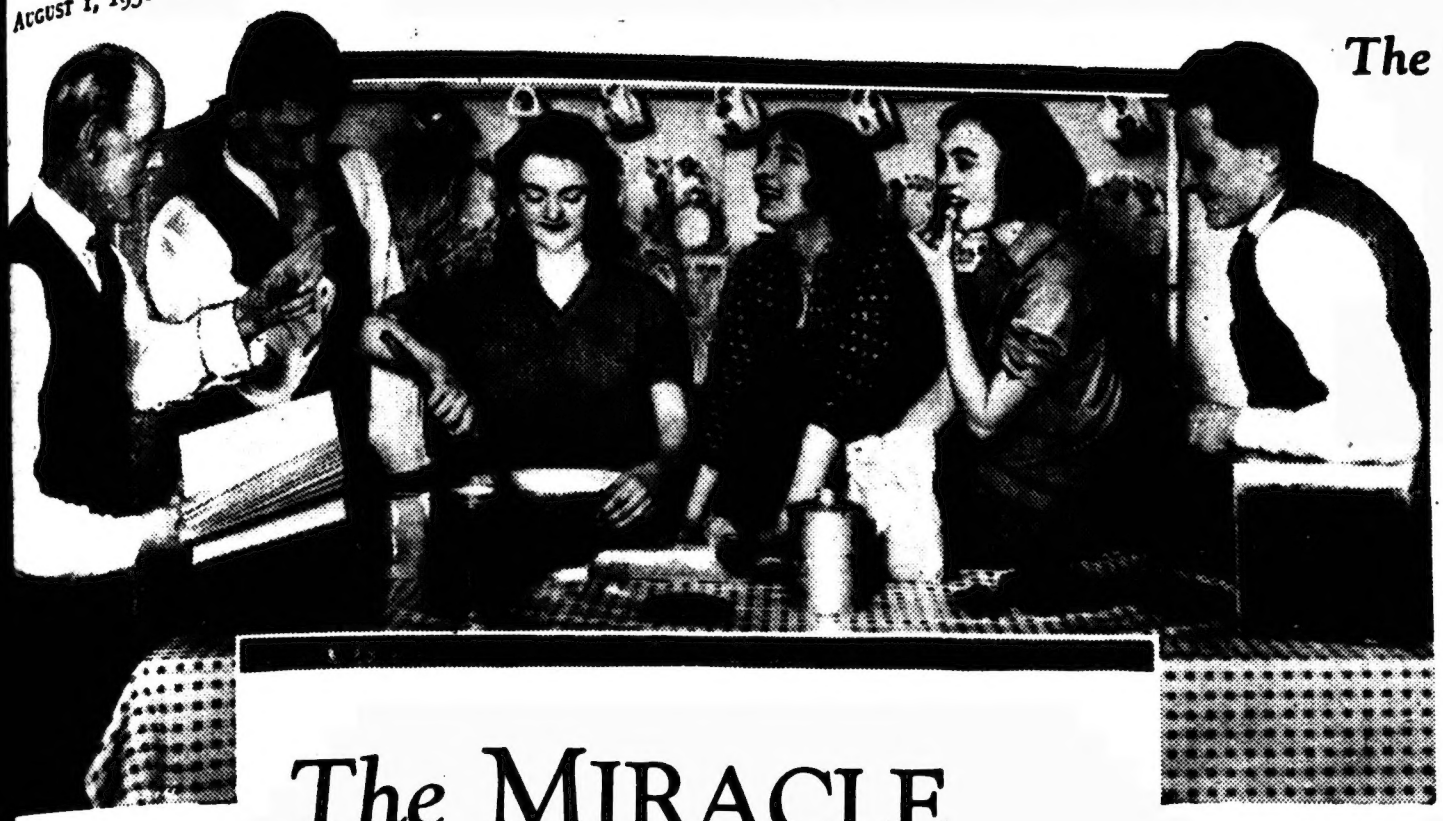
He is a smartly dressed man of about thirty, with sufficient wisdom not to stay more than a couple of hours in any one town.

In one day he has visited five Lancashire towns and robbed a score of children, some of them little more than babies.

The police have received more than 150 complaints about this man. He stops children and after taking their money or goods, leaves them waiting while he "goes to bring them a dog" or "a box of soldiers." Of course, he never returns.

ADAMSON— —Swatted





The family holds a culinary council—Mr. Lewis T. Casson, the actor, his wife (Sybil Thorndike), and the four young Cassons

The "Happies" Have It!

The MIRACLE of MARRIAGE

by Dame Sybil Thorndike

ON August 3, at Dunmow, in Essex, various assorted couples will stand up before mock-serious Bench nd Bar and testify that eir marriages have been perfect as any union n be in this imperfect orld.

Wise men of the law, rained in handling desrate malefactors, will deavour to entrap them to admissions that their es together have not been unmarred by nstant quarrels.

The first prize for those who emerge successlly from the ordeal is a flitch of bacon!

There are many of us who coyly admit that e are a phlegmatic race, not given to wearg our hearts on our sleeves, nor to rushing on ground forbidden to angels.

Yet this ceremony has been held at Dunmow nce 1445, and every year there has been no arth of contestants willing to enter the lists defence of the blessed institution of marage.

But each year when the ceremony comes und the thing which strikes me most as a liever in marriage is not the knowledge that ain there are four or five couples with the urage to testify gladly to their happy life, t the thought of how many potential winrs of the Dunmow Flitch there are in this untry, unhonoured and unsung by special terviews and photographs in the Press.

A *stage libel*

I BELIEVE that there are thousands of them, in spite of dismal pronouncements by bishops and the Divorce Court lists, which me days seem to me to occupy as much ace in the daily Press as the stock market sports.

I do not pretend to be an expert on the ndition of matrimony as an institution in is country. I couldn't daze or impress any you reading this article with masses of ures showing you either that marriage was oming or going completely to pot.

But if only because I belong to the stage, e most maligned profession in the country far as marital permanence is concerned, and cause I know how untrue that is, I am emldened to deny the Jeremiahs.

There always has been, I suppose, what ponderously called "the marriage problem." ually, I suppose, there always will be while en and women remain different and separate man entities.

If a solution of that problem is the proion of a golden rule, a panacea which will ake all marriages happy, then I am afraid are as far from that as we have ever been.

But what we *can* do is not to complicate the issue unduly with matters outside the purely human element, and that is what I am afraid we are doing nowadays.

We are all agreed that a happy marriage is the completest form of felicity that we can know on this earth. That point is proved by the amount which has been written and spoken about it—a volume greater than any other subject under heaven.

Yet, in spite of the fact that to achieve happiness means a tremendous amount of delicate, sustained endeavour, we go a long distance out of our way nowadays to make the process more difficult.

To bear and forbear—that is the question, and there is more need nowadays of those qualities than ever. I have had twenty-eight years of married life, and they have been happy years, or I would not be writing this article in this vein.

I have brought up a family, and at the same time carried on with my art and career in a difficult and exacting profession. My husband, too, is an artist, so that much overworked word "temperament" might be fairly described as a constant factor in our lives together.

Yet it has been happy chiefly because of living up to the elementary ideal of give and take. So, whoever the couple are—the Smiths, who are highly-strung artists; the Joneses, who are excessively modern young people, or the Robinsons, who work in a factory—the basis is a fundamental necessity for any happy life together.

Give and forgive, bear and forbear.

Smooth the road

THE pace and strain of modern life is not particularly good for our nerves—and marriage is very largely a matter of nerves, as any intimate human relationship is bound to be.

That we cannot help, but there are other matters making marriage more difficult, which we can help.

There is the economic aspect, for instance. I shall touch only lightly on that, although it is bound up with the question of the children which cement a marriage, and also with the very ability to set up home together by two people who love each other.

I do not think enough is done by the State to make things easier for those who are married, or about to marry.

Ideas on that point still remain much what they were one hundred years ago in spite of the vastly changed conditions of to-day.

Housing, taxation, and the business of earning a living are still so arranged that married people are fined heavily every year for the privilege, over and above the responsibilities which they should ordinarily accept.

Which brings us to the main point and the reason why, on the surface at any rate, there do not seem to be so many happy marriages, and why the bishops may seem justified.

Our ideas have not kept pace with life. We have brought over from the past century many vestiges of the old matrimonial tradition, useless but unchanged, like our appendixes and other reminders of our arboreal ancestry.

Much of the extremism of very young people, I believe, is due to a revolt against those ideas, which nevertheless cling on and have made themselves a part of the very idea of marriage as it was envisaged to be.

Better to come

THE question of either husband or wife having friends of their own is one of those ideas, and male domination is another.

They are all hard to uproot, because, although they are grounded on mean things like possessiveness and jealousy, they take upon themselves the aspect of lovely virtues like honour and fidelity.

But perhaps ideas always move more slowly than material progress. When they draw level then there will be many more happy marriages even than now.

It is a common charge brought against the speed of modern life that it will finally ruin companionship, which is the basis of marriage. I do not believe it will.

With increased leisure, more amusements, and the ability to travel speedily and cheaply, I believe there will be, and that there now is, more real sharing and companionship between husband and wife than there was under the stuffy Victorian ideal.

But all that in its full realisation is still to come.

The miracle now is that there are so many happy marriages, poised as we are in the chrysalis stage between the old world and the new after a quarter of a century of abrupt and devastating social and material change.

The fact which requires underlining is that, in spite of all the shouting from the housetops about every wrecked marriage, an overwhelming percentage *do* turn out happy, and there are more marriages to-day really happy than ever there have been.

PROTECT THE *Plundered Tenant*

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—I am watching with the keenest interest, not unmixed with a certain amount of apprehension, the progress being made with the modifications to the Rent Restriction Acts.

I appreciate the vast and complicated nature of your task and the great burden of difficulty involved in dealing with it.

But I must ask that you will carry out *all* those recommendations of the committee which seek to remove the many intolerable hardships on the working-class tenants of which I have spoken so repeatedly in these columns.

Particularly I would urge that where there is a doubt you will always give the tenant the benefit of it.

I hope especially to see the iniquities of the sub-letting system swept away—the practice whereby profiteering landlords have been enabled to pack dwelling-house from roof to cellar with numerous families and collect ten or twenty times the true rent of the house.

You have your chance here to produce a piece of legislation touching the life of the people more closely and vitally than anything so far brought forward by the present Parliament. I wish you God-speed.

JOHN BULL.

The BENCH OF MAGISTRATES,
Beaumaris, N. Wales

GENTLEMEN,—According to law, a parent has a right to lodge a conscientious objection to the vaccination of children. Accordingly, I question your right to dismiss a recent application for exemption.

The father told you that two of his children who had been vaccinated were weaker than one child who had not undergone the operation.

He objected on the grounds that he believed vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of his child.

By a majority, you refused his application, but I hope he will appeal to a higher authority than an autocratic country Bench.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. WM. GRAHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. GRAHAM,—I yield to nobody in my admiration for your capacity as a Minister in getting things done Therefore, you will forgive my remarking that when you do hold up a measure you break all records.

A case in point is the somnolence which you have displayed in connection with the revision of the coast-watching methods.

So far, on your own statement, nothing yet has been done except to transfer a few telephones to the national system in place of those which existed between station and station. A year has gone by and the committee has not reported yet.

It is not too much to ask that your department gets a move on.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY KIPLING,
Manchester Street, Oldham

DEAR KIPLING,—Despite the fact that you are a cripple, you gallantly went to the aid of a policeman who had been stabbed in the arm by a burglar.

The constable was still clinging to his assailant when you heard his cries. You put down the "thriller" you were reading and limped to the rescue.

As a result of your bravery, the desperado, who had a revolver as well as a knife, was put safely under lock and key.

I sincerely hope that your courage will have due recognition.

JOHN BULL.

Messrs. H. COUTTS & SONS,
70, Brooksby's Walk, Homerton, E.

DEAR SIRS,—I note that you describe yourselves as "property agents." You have apparently wide views on the property business to judge by an advertisement you have circulated concerning a client of yours, "Mrs. Dorothy Gray."

You describe this woman as a young widow of thirty years, home-loving, possessing money, and preferring to marry a poor man of affectionate disposition. She does not object, I notice, to an elderly man or widower.

Who "Mrs. Dorothy Gray" may be I do not know. She may be, for all I know, the "Dolly Gray" to whom all England was saying good-bye at the time of the Boer War.

What I do know, however, is that numerous applicants for "Mrs. Gray's" hand will say good-bye to 10s. if they pay you that sum, which you demand as an interview fee.

I hope instead that they will give your impudent matrimonial stunt the "go-by."

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD AMULREE,
Minister for Air

MY LORD,—I am indeed glad you have decided to take action over the question of pilots' flying certificates.

Under the present system, many private-owner licences are granted without adequate test. Thus we get owner-pilots who are a danger to the public and to themselves.

I hope you will tighten up the regulations.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. VIVIAN DAVIES,
Bridlington, Yorks

REV. SIR,—In order to help a lame newspaper-seller to go to Leeds to have measurements taken for a surgical boot, you took over his pitch and sold his papers for him.

Not only did you sell more than the man could have done, but you paid his fare to Leeds and back and gave him the money for what you called "a jolly good dinner."

This is practical Christianity. There would be more life and faith in the Church if all parsons were of your type.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. BARKER,
British Sailors' Society

DEAR MR. BARKER,—In your annual report you reveal that your society last year assisted 37,062 seafarers, their widows and children in distress.

You provided the needy with 55,630 free meals and sheltered others to the number of 19,472 by providing free beds.

The crowning figure was that of 1,382,269 sailors who had their needs attended to at your centres.

This is magnificent work, and I like it the more because you do not crow.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MR. MORRISON. — While strongly supporting the present efforts to improve the condition of London's main thoroughfares, I have a complaint.

Long stretches of road are excavated and left from Saturday midday to Monday morning. This also applies to the main roads to the provinces.

With so many willing workless it would seem that there is some other objection to week-end shifts.

Traffic is tangled and drivers have long waits in single file. Why not let the good work proceed without a halt?

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

JUDGE CLUER: "What does a doctor's certificate prove, except that he can write?"

Well, if it's anything like his prescriptions, it would occasionally prove that he can't.

* * *

MR. RICHARD BURBIDGE: "The trouble in England is that sport is playing too big a part in the lives of its men and women."

You read all the splurge about the shamateurs and the minority of slackers. With the great majority it is work hard—and play hard.

* * *

SIR JOSIAH STAMP: "The world is full of very good and very stupid people, and a horrible mess they have got us into."

I take it this includes the superlatively high financiers and the economists.

Candid Communications

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. J. S. Manson on—

PILLS for PUNTERS

I RESENT the strange impression
That the medical profession
With the body is exclusively concerned;
For when the soul is ailing,
I think that we are failing
In our duty if our talents are not turned
To finding what is wrong with it
and giving it some pills,
And generally striving to correct
man's moral ills.

The parsons and the preachers
Are not the only teachers
Who're qualified to tell mankind the facts
About their ways misguided
And offer them decided
Reproval and the necessary tracts.
Though we cannot cure man's ailments, we should strive to save his soul—
This is, I earnestly submit, the doctor's dearest goal!

Following my action in moving an anti-sweepstake resolution at the British Medical Association Conference, the opinion has been expressed that doctors should devote their attention to trying to keep people well instead of trying to make them good.

* * *

But, as I pointed out to the conference, gambling has its psycho-pathological aspect. It is a perversion of the animal instinct of adventure, and doctors know only too well how the practice of perversions leads to degradation and depravity.

I did not, in fact, go too far in describing it as "a vice, subtle and corrupt—a sort of psychic dope comparable to the effect produced by the habit-forming drugs."

This being so, I submit that gambling and other moral ills are as fit subjects for discussion by a medical conference as measles or the morphia habit.

Unfortunately, the debate I started was closured without a division being taken. I fear that some materialminded delegates felt that the bootmaker should stick to his last and the doctor to his stethoscope.

* * *

This, too, is evidently the opinion of those who want to know if "B.M.A." stands for "British Morality Association."

One anonymous critic, after suggesting that if my bedside manner is at all like my platform style I should have no need of sleeping draughts for my patients, breaks into rhyme.

Tell us not in long orations
Gambling is a horrid sin;
Leave alone our reputations;
Help us better health to win.

Conferences galore are meeting
In the weeks that lie ahead;
Mostly they'll be busy beating
Horses that have long been dead.

They will carry endless motions;
Not one pleasure will they spare.
And their disapproving notions
Of "the Modern Girl" they'll air.

Need the medical profession
Try to play the Chadband trick?
Bolster Stiggins's obsession
That the nation's soul is sick?

While of our misdeeds they're prating.
Asking if our souls are pure;
Patiently are we awaiting
For the common cold a cure!

Remember August the Fourth

by A. G. Gardiner

"The devil was let loose over the whole earth"—war, magnificent but terrible

IT is seventeen years next Tuesday since the crash came, and the Great Killing began. On August 4, 1914, the devil was let loose over the whole earth, and for four years the sole occupation of the most civilised countries the globe was the business of laughter.

Ten millions of the flower of the world's youth perished. Thirty millions more were disabled—millions of them permanently.

If we could imagine the ghostly army of the slain alone being mobilised to pass in procession day and night by Hyde Park Corner it would not be days, or weeks, but months before the last of the victims had filed by.

And that is only one part of the penalty that the war enacted. The whole structure of world society went down to the abyss. To-day, nearly thirteen years after the last shot was fired and the last victim fell, it is still in the abyss.

Golden delirium

A pall of gloom hangs over the universal sky, and we live from day to day in an atmosphere of crisis. The whole world has fallen out of trade, world finance is in delirium, and any moment we may see a general collapse into bankruptcy and chaos.

If a final catastrophe is to be avoided, it is necessary first to remind ourselves why the cause of all our misfortunes came about. It came about because Europe rested on a false bottom.

With the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the political unity of Europe crumbled, and the age of nationalism emerged.

The Continent became parcelled out into racial societies, each living in fear of its neighbours. Fear begot armaments, and armaments begot war.

Sometimes the wars sprang from dynastic motives, sometimes from religious motives, later from economic motives. Every race in turn had its hour of triumph. At one time Charles XII of Sweden trampled over Europe; at another Louis XIV of France trampled over it; then Frederick the Great of Prussia; then Napoleon and the French; then Bismarck and the Germans.

Finally the reign of nationalism and competitive armaments culminated in the Great War and the world wreck in the midst of which we are still floundering.

All these happenings proceeded from the fact that Europe was organised for war. It was a system of armed camps. During the intervals of peace, the combatants stacked their arms and fraternised. During the periods of war they slew each other and annexed each other's territory.

But there was no security. Peace rested on the balance of power, but the balance of power was always shifting, and as it shifted war ensued.

This alternation of war and armed peace was possible while life was primitive and countries were self-contained. The armies were small. The devastations were small.

Science had not yet revealed the powers of destruction that are now familiar. Countries might be at war, but the general population was unaffected by the fact, and the life of the community proceeded much as if the world was at peace.

But throughout the last century a profound and stupendous change was at work. It proceeded with gathering momentum as the century reached its close. It culminated in the first decades of this century.

Mainly through the astonishing developments of science and industry, the economic structure of human society was refashioned. Trade and finance ceased to be national and became more and more international.

The channels of commerce came to ignore national frontiers, and the fertilising influence of money flowed over the world without regard to national separatisms.

In a word, while the political structure of Europe remained what it had been for centuries, a system of armed camps and rival nationalisms, the economic structure was being modernised, not on national lines, but on international lines.

Politically Europe was a chessboard of rival States; economically it had become a unit. Politically it was organised for war; economically it was organised for peace.

No one foresaw

Hence, when the final crash came seventeen years ago, its effects were unlike those ever experienced in the world before. It was not merely its vastness that was so unprecedented. Nor the fact that it involved, directly or indirectly, every part of the globe in its operations. Nor even that for the first time the civilian population was brought under fire.

More significant and ominous than all this is the collapse that has resulted from the war. The economic and financial fabric of the world is shattered. Thirteen years after the war has ended, that fabric is still in ruins.

There is not a country, with the possible exception of France, which is not passing through deep and dangerous water.

And though France still prospers, her turn will come. For the lesson that emerges from the terrific history of these seventeen years is that the world can no longer exist in watertight compartments.

It stands or falls as a whole. In modern conditions, war profits none and ruins all. Its repercussions are incalculable.

All must suffer

There is but one certainty. It is that in the end both victor and vanquished are equally overwhelmed in the disaster.

The only thing that can redeem any of these countries is the restoration of trade, of the normal activities of life, and of that confidence through which alone those activities can function.

For thirteen years we have been tinkering with war-debts and reparations, and neglecting to re-establish confidence by carrying out the disarmament policy that was solemnly promised at Versailles.

The result is that the position of the world is more perilous to-day than it has been since the war ended.

Another of the unending succession of conferences has passed without any real advance to sanity. France, as usual, has blocked the way. Britain, America and Italy together have given the German Government a few more weeks of existence.

But the catastrophe is only delayed; it is not averted. Its shadow still hangs over the world, and while it remains there can be no revival of confidence and no revival of trade.

We want not temporary shifts, but a new dispensation. We cannot rebuild Europe on the old false bottom that gave way in 1914. War and competitive armaments cannot co-exist with the modern world.

Cut out the past!

The antiquated political structure of society, with its stupid nationalism, its tariffs, its balance of power and its secret diplomacy, is out of date.

It must be subordinated to the new economic pattern of society, which sees all nations, not as potential enemies to be shot down, but as customers with whom we trade and whose prosperity is bound up with our prosperity.

Another winter with all the cumulative results of the past seventeen years of disastrous war and more disastrous "peace" looms ahead. This year has brought Europe to the brink of the precipice. Next year may see it over the precipice.

It depends on whether we can make a clean cut with the past, get rid of the curse of war indebtedness, and restore confidence to the world by a bold, drastic and unanimous disarmament agreement.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

False Scares

IN a private assembly the other day I heard a story which amused us all very much and had a useful lesson.

A Scotsman named James McCracken, born in the town of Peebles, took to adventurous wandering, like so many of his countrymen.

Finding himself stranded near Singapore, he went to a travelling zoo and asked for a job. The manager told him that the polar bear had just died, but that if he was willing to wear the skin and perform as the living animal he could earn his keep and a little more.

As no other opening offered, McCracken accepted and got along very well until Saturday night, when through inadvertence he was shut up in a cage with the whole menagerie. This was perilous enough, but soon became worse, for he saw the lion of the troupe beginning to advance upon him.

* * *

He backed into a corner, but the lion followed. He doubled and twisted, but the lion did the same; and he could not repress a yell of terror when he realised that the lion was closing in upon him and that there was no escape.

He thought his last moment had come, but in the twinkling of an eye the whole scene changed as the lion shouted out: "It's all right, Jamie; I'm a Peebles man myself."

How often in life we mistake for an enemy what turns out to be a friend. It may be a person or it may be an event, or both, but, judging by appearances, we can come to no other conclusion than that harm is intended to us.

We are wrong: under that lion's skin is something that will warm our hearts by and by and that we shall always look back upon as a much-needed reinforcement of our moral energies.

Look back on your career and recall the times when what seemed to be the worst piece of luck possible has proved ultimately to be the best.

* * *

I once met a man on board ship who told me that he and his young wife had been lured to South Africa by the promise of employment.

Thinking them helpless when they arrived, the agent offered them starvation terms, but the wife had pluck enough to hustle her husband out of the office.

They started a little store which grew to be a big one, and, as the prosperous-looking pair remarked to me, that unscrupulous agent was the means of rendering them the best service in their whole experience.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll had to give up the ministry because of a defective lung. But for that troublesome lung he would never have become a world-famous editor.

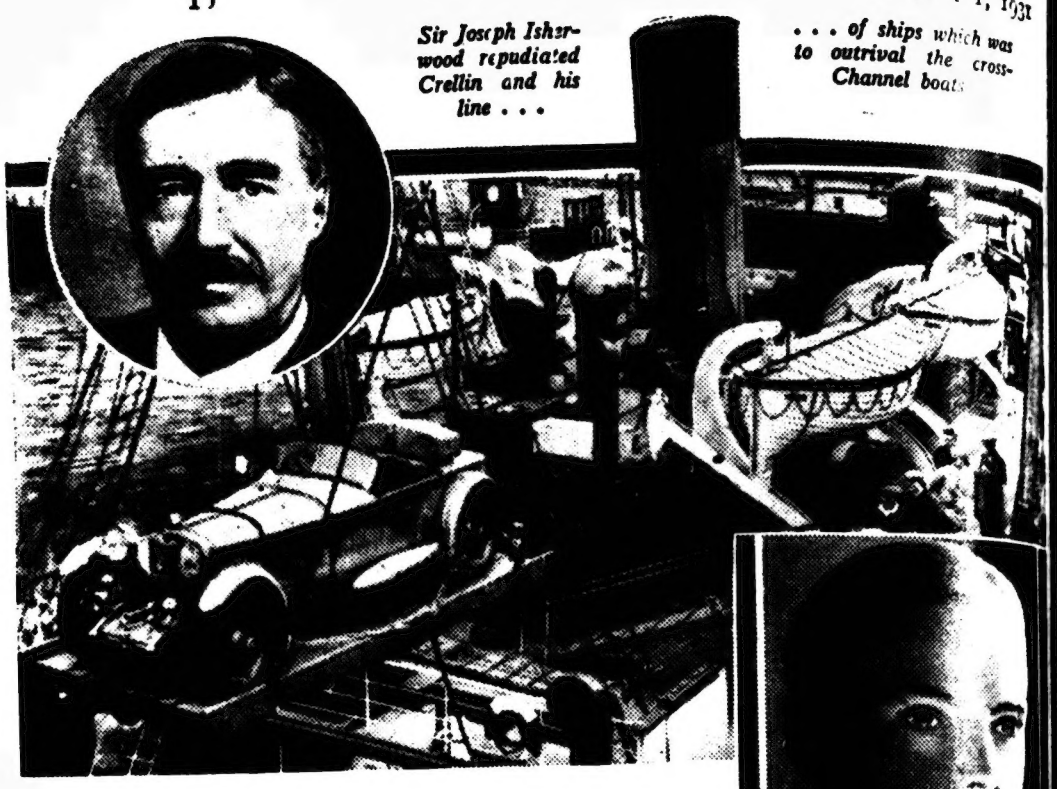
One of the most useful men I ever knew was disappointed of a piece of research work that had been promised him. He was forced into a line of his own, and lived to become a force in international councils.

Not everything is a lion that looks like one. Stand up to it and see.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS—

The Wild Cat King

—from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



Sir Joseph Isherwood repudiated Crellin and his line . . .

. . . of ships which was to outrival the cross-Channel boats

"The Duke of Sutherland had never seen Crellin . . . the contract was fictitious"

LIVELY interest, I find, has been stirred in the British shipping market by the news that an unknown syndicate has been privately seeking estimates for a magnificent construction contract.

It is the kind of order about which our shipbuilders have been long dreaming—a fleet of fast and palatial cross-Channel oil-burning vessels, each fitted with sleeping accommodation for 600 passengers.

I hope that this exposure of the man behind the huge project will be in time to save a badly stricken industry from the costly consequences of a fool's callousness.

The description "fool" is really too kind when applied to George Charles Gore-Crellin, the individual concerned. He is a penniless adventurer who in three years has become the parent of as great a family of financial wildcats as has ever been bred.

This is the story of his most recent exploits.

With borrowed money, a personal manager whom he appointed at £1,000 a year—but who has never been paid—and a secretary, Crellin travelled not long ago from London to Liverpool.

As befitted a prince of finance, the journey was made in almost regal state, and a cohort of officials was summoned to attend him and his suite when the departure was made from London.

Line of ships

Not until he reached Liverpool, where he dwelt in noblest style, did Crellin disclose that his mission was to place contracts with an old-established firm of Merseyside shipbuilders which would occupy its yards for at least three years.

Unknown to anyone but himself, Crellin had founded a £1,000,000 company which he had christened the "Holene Line."

Beginning with ten motor-ships, costing £800,000, he and his company were to establish a new triangular sea service, night and day, between England, Scotland and Ireland and the Isle of Man.

To the directors of the Liverpool shipbuilding firm Crellin offered the contracts for the new vessels.

He produced such evidence of powerful financial support that they consented not only to pay him splendid commission, but to appoint him and his manager directors of their company, and to sell him a 30 per cent. interest in it for a consideration of £18,000.

Crellin, as a side interest, persuaded them also to discuss the establishment of a chain of luxury hotels to be built throughout the land in conjunction with his marine service.

His principal financial backer was represented to be Sir Joseph Isherwood, the famous ship-constructor. But Sir Joseph, he explained, was a difficult man to deal with, and had insisted that only he, Crellin, should negotiate with him.

As is essential to all his grandiose ventures, Crellin during the conversations at Liverpool was handsomely entertained by those upon whom he was to confer such immense favours.

A retired sea captain was appointed by Crellin to be commodore of the fleet with a yearly retainer of £1,000.

When he returned to London, Crellin was asked where he was to obtain the funds to float his £1,000,000 company.

A bouncing lie

The answer was simple. He was, he declared, about to receive £16,000 from the proprietors of JOHN BULL in settlement of a claim for libel which he stated he had made against the proprietors of this journal.

This was a lie—though reference to my records shows that twice previously we have had to warn the public against this irresponsible fellow.

Particularly we had to give a caution against a concern called the Atholl Investment Trust, by which Crellin tried to obtain £500,000 from the public, and of which he falsely represented that Lord Monkswell and a famous solicitor were directors.

But neither regarding these nor other revelations made about him by my department has Crellin ever dared to take action.

As time passed and Crellin had neither made progress with his vast contracts nor the payment of the £18,000 for his share in their company, the Liverpool shipbuilders began to agitate. But Crellin was quick to act. To keep their yards and workers busy for the time being, he offered them a £65,000 order by the Duke of Sutherland for a new yacht.

Once more at Liverpool he was provided with more substantial funds to proceed to Inverness, to which city, he said, the Duke of Sutherland was to motor from Dunrobin Castle to meet him.

Now, it is customary for a person ordering a yacht to pay a deposit of 10 per cent. According to Crellin, the duke was prepared to pay £10,000 down, but for weeks he was busy finding ingenious excuses why the money was not forthcoming.

In the end Crellin surrendered to a supposed attack of appendicitis, and hid himself away in the humble home in a Harlesden back street, where he lives with his father, a retired railwayman.

During his absence an enquiry was made at the Duke of Sutherland's business agents. Then it transpired that Crellin had never been in Inverness nor met the duke anywhere else, and the contract and signatures were fictitious.

Million-pounds paln

An approach was next made to Sir Joseph Isherwood regarding his backing of the £1,000,000 "Holene Line."

Sir Joseph had never heard of it. All he knew about Crellin was that he had tried to induce Sir Joseph's firm to become naval architects to a mysterious company which was to build large and faster Atlantic liners than had ever been conceived.

Crellin had told him that this company was being financed by two great New York trusts, but when Sir Joseph made enquiries they disclaimed all knowledge of or association with Crellin.

There was recently published in an important motoring journal, which I have before me, a description and sketch of a new stream-lined motor-car body supposed to have been designed by Crellin.

This is part of another cruel and costly hoax.

Giving an order on behalf of a baronet to a firm in the Midlands to build two of these bodies on Rolls-Royce and Daimler chassis, Crellin pretended to be able to introduce £30,000 of new capital to the company.

It has not received a penny and has only just discovered that the baronet's order is bogus.

At a Shipping Exhibition at Olympia, Crellin ordered luxury motor-boats and marine equipment to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

He was royally entertained on another occasion when he went to Cowes to buy two yachts for £250,000 and incidentally became seasick when he was taken for a trip.

Made three wills

He has placed fabulous orders with West End motor-car firms. One was for eighteen cars to serve the London Airport in connection with a service of all-metal Junker and Fokker aeroplanes, of which he negotiated the purchase at £25,000 each.

Other great-scale financial projects he has also been handling lately include schemes for amusement-parks in Lancashire, artificial-silk factories and luxury flats for an equestrian club in Surrey.

All are bunkum.

Although he has no means or occupation, Crellin has recently had different wills engrossed by three firms of lawyers.

ANOTHER *Pig-in-a-Poke*

SINCE I recently commented upon the affairs of a pig-rearing venture known as Woodland View Farm, Ltd., of Shipley, Horsham, Sussex, many enquiries have reached me.

It will be remembered that I made specific mention of two individuals behind the scheme, R. A. Elliott and George Westcott, pointing out that they possessed very unenviable financial reputations.

Elliott, whose real name is Eburne, has absconded, but Westcott is now operating what is known as the "G. W. Syndicate."

I know of a number of people who have thus been persuaded to part with various sums in the belief that it will be utilised for floating a new concern to be called Shipley Farms (1931), Ltd., to take over the wreck of Woodland Farms, Ltd.

I, moreover, am glad to learn from the solicitors of the last-named company that Westcott has no authority to do this as he is no longer on the board of the original concern.

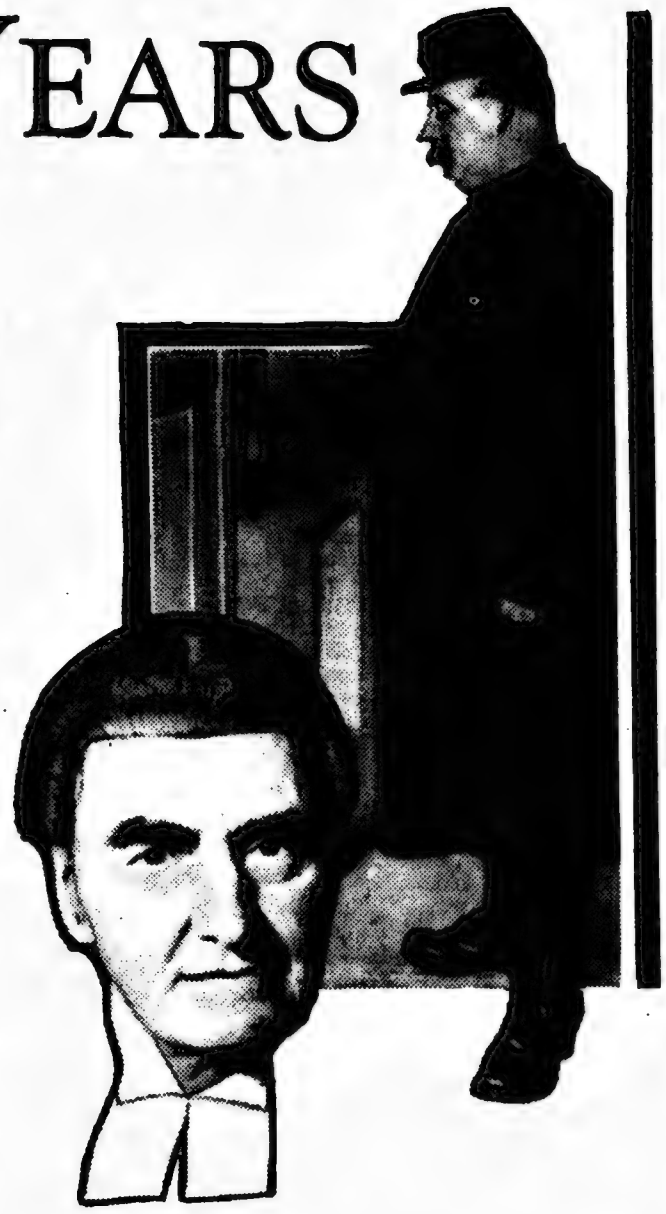
It appears that now Eburne and Westcott are safely out of the way a committee of shareholders is making strenuous efforts to repair the havoc wrought by these two company crooks.

* * *

Meanwhile, I have discovered that Westcott and his precious "G. W. Syndicate" have been turned out of an office he was using in Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

While action should certainly be taken against him for his present impudent attempt to delude old investors, I trust that steps will be taken against both him and Eburne in respect to the disgraceful manner in which they brought about this sorry *débâcle*.

THREE YEARS for a JOKE



A warder in a Borstal institution — and Mr. Justice Talbot, who passed sentence on Bellingham

THOUGH only sixteen, George Edward Bellingham, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, is the victim of a set of circumstances so grotesque that a story could not be presented in a novel or in a film without arousing ridicule.

He is at present in a Borstal institution, and his whole future is in danger of being overshadowed because of a foolish practical joke.

His parents, who are of independent means, came to this country from Australia a few years ago, and settling at Thornton Heath, became very friendly with a Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, living only a few doors away from their home.

Making a thriller

When Mr. Tucker fell ill, the Bellinghams did all they could to comfort the wife. Mr. Bellingham was actually with him when he died, and both he and his wife attended the funeral. George played his part by running errands for Mrs. Tucker from time to time, so that in every way the family should be considered good neighbours. These facts are important in view of later events.

Among George's chums was a youth two years older than himself, named Leslie Wren, who often spent an evening at his home.

Both boys were members of a local youths' hostel, and George constantly spoke to his parents of an amateur dramatic performance that he and his chums contemplated producing at Christmas time.

It was intended that the play should be based upon a popular "thriller," and, like all healthy lads, George and his friends had a great appetite for sensational fiction.

One evening Mrs. Bellingham overheard her son and his companion earnestly discussing such topics as blackmail and murder with boyish gusto.

Don't be foolish!

George was busily writing something on a pad he had previously borrowed from his mother while Wren dictated.

Mrs. Bellingham was much amused at what she overheard, and chidingly told the lads not to write such stupid nonsense, whereupon George explained seriously that it was for the play they were hoping to produce.

A few days later a police-officer called upon Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham and informed them that their boy was wanted on a warrant for obtaining goods by false pretences and also for blackmailing a woman with intent to obtain money from her.

George was taken to the Croydon Police Court and duly charged. Evidence of arrest only was given, and the boy was then actually taken to Brixton Jail and held in custody for seven days.

Then he was again placed in the dock, the police telling the magistrate that he had signed a statement admitting his guilt. As cases of alleged blackmail cannot be dealt with summarily, young George Bellingham was sent for trial.

This meant three further weeks of imprisonment, and when he was eventually brought up at the Old Bailey, he was—primarily upon the voluntary statement he had made — found guilty of attempted blackmail, but the charge of obtaining goods valued at 8s. 8d. by false pretences was not proceeded with.

Now, although the jury very strongly recommended him to mercy on account of his extreme youth, George was sentenced to be detained in a Borstal institution for three years.

A more severe sentence for what we can here show to be a boyish prank could scarcely have been inflicted.

Let us examine the evidence that was given against this lad.

In the first place, the woman he was alleged to have blackmailed was not a stranger, nor was she anyone who had occasion to fear a blackmail threat.

She was Mrs. Tucker, the next-door neighbour and close friend of the whole Bellingham family.

On what, then, was the preposterous charge based?

A communication had been dropped through Mrs. Tucker's letter-box suggesting that her late husband had been involved in a poisoning case and that her life would not be worth living unless she paid £5.

The whole phrasing of this letter was fantastic and highly coloured.

"I will send a boy for the money at 12.30" was one choice item. "He will be from 'The Shade.'"

Master criminal

Presumably, the "Shade" was some imaginary desperado—some master criminal, dear to boyish hearts—and it is difficult to understand how anyone could have taken such an epistle seriously.

Besides, the incident began and ended with the delivery of the note, and, of course, no boy ever materialised to ask for the money.

There was no evidence as to who had slipped this note through the letter-box beyond a neighbour's statement that she had seen the figure of "a boy" tiptoeing away from Mrs. Tucker's door in a "mysterious fashion." Now, what of George's alleged "confession" made three weeks after the note had been received?

It is true that he owned to having written the note, "but," he declared, "it was only a practical joke, and no attempt was ever made to get any money. Leslie Wren was with me when it was written. Wren did the thinking and I did the writing. . . .

"He told me to write it out in backhand and wear gloves in order that no finger-prints were left upon it."

In other words, the note was concocted with all the melodramatic ceremony that Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn would have employed.

Wren, two years George's senior, it should be remembered, was not charged. He was equally well known to Mrs. Tucker—had done odd jobs for her, in fact, just as George had done. But he denied all knowledge of the letter.

This is how George Bellingham came to be branded at sixteen as a potential blackmailer.

He has already served over a year of the sentence imposed upon him, and his parents have appealed to us to make his plight known.

As he is detained in an institution at Nottingham his parents cannot afford to go to see him often.

Even if we grant that he was guilty of a thoughtless practical joke, was his boyish escapade deserving of the severe punishment passed upon him?

A case to probe

Set his case beside that of a man named Seward, who posed as a police-officer, and, knowing that a woman had been placed in a compromising position, demanded money from her in most despicable circumstances.

He was no boy, playing at "master criminals," but a grown man who knew very well what he was doing and who was out to enrich himself in a cowardly way. Yet he escaped with a fine of £10.

Mrs. Bellingham is now lying ill through the worry that her son's experience has caused her.

In all the circumstances we feel that the Home Secretary would be acting wisely and justly were he to order George's immediate release so that his future chances may not be jeopardised and that he may be freed from the dreadful stigma that now rests upon him.

Boy's "Blackmail" Letter

Trilby Still UNCHECKED

IN our issue of June 6 we exposed as thoroughly as common decency permitted the sinister parties given by a woman known as Trilby, who has a "studio" in Bedford Passage, Charlotte Street, London, W.

We described the sordid scenes so thinly cloaked under the excuse of Bohemianism, and accused this menacing figure of London's night-life of permitting conduct that can only be described as disgusting.

It is an astounding fact that no action whatever has been taken to check the activities of this woman. The parties still go on, and Trilby's alleged studio offers a warm welcome to any foolish man or girl who can spend money and drink heavily.

When we published the exposure, we expected a protest. One came, but it was not from Trilby. That lady was wise enough to lie low and say nothing.

The protest came from an *habitué* of her parties, who wrote from a club and not from his home address.

He says that, as "one who had been present at twelve of these parties," he strongly resents the "*mélange* of exaggeration and falsehood."

Funnily enough, this champion proceeds to corroborate our statements. He says that Trilby has to pay the rent and upkeep of her studio, and 2s. 6d. is not an exorbitant charge for attending one of the parties.

He admits that people put up for the night, but not because they are too drunk to go home. Our special investigators prefer to believe their own eyes.

* * *

This staunch supporter challenges the existence of girl touts, but prefers to put it this way: "Friends of Trilby say to other friends, 'Let's go to Trilby's studio this evening.'"

This studio is in reality an old stable and garage. It was used by Voisen, the notorious French murderer, who butchered his victim there.

If these parties are friendly gatherings of the artist fraternity, why is it necessary for Trilby to resort to touting?

Trilby's parties have been toned down a little since we openly accused her of asking for serious trouble, but we state definitely that her parties are a menace to young and inexperienced people looking for a "good time."

The immediate attention of the police and the licensing authorities is our demand, and prompt action must be taken.

A DEADLY LOUNGE LIZARD

CHAMPERNOWNE JEFFRIES is known to numerous people as an author of considerable charm, but you will seek in vain for any of his work in the libraries. He tells his tales verbally, and the audience of his choice consists of elderly women of wealth.

For Champernowne Jeffries is a crook who preys upon the susceptibilities of women, in which respect he is probably without an equal.

Until a few weeks ago he was living in style at a fashionable hotel in the West End of London, where he made the acquaintance of a refined, elderly woman of means.

He was so pleasant and courteous that he won her esteem at once, while her sympathy was also aroused because he confided that a motoring accident had left him with a permanent limp.

He possessed a particularly fine Airedale dog, which was much admired by the guests, so altogether Mr. Champernowne Jeffries attracted a great deal of notice.

The woman was therefore flattered that such a distinguished young man, who was having so much attention lavished upon him, should single her out as his confidante.

He was, he said, an author by profession, and he had just completed a book which had been most favourably commented upon by several distinguished literary men.

His "best seller"

On their advice he was arranging to publish this work himself, but was short of £50 required for preliminary expenses.

He would esteem it a great favour if the woman would oblige him by backing his venture to that extent, and he was sure that she would never regret it. The experts were confident that the book would be a crowning success.

She consented to advance the desired sum, and later Jeffries regaled her with stories of the progress that was being made.

Soon, he hoped, he would be able to let her see some of the proof-sheets, and he would value her opinion of his work immensely.

He let drop many remarks about big men in London whom he numbered among his acquaintances, and one day he declared that he had been told of some wonderful opportunities for making quick profits in certain share transactions.

Very doggy

By this time the woman's confidence was fully established, and as the weeks passed she entrusted Jeffries with various amounts for investment.

But as no profits ever arrived and the author's stories began to degenerate into a series of unsatisfying excuses, her suspicions began to be aroused.

Then the day came when the distinguished young author and his Airedale terrier were no longer to be seen sauntering through the palm-court of the hotel, and the woman discovered that he had absconded, leaving her poorer by £6,000.

She also found that she was not the only person who had been misled by the handsome young man. His extraordinary fascination for elderly women had been exercised in more than one quarter.

All his stories of a forthcoming book and his influential friends were false, though his claim to authorship is at least justified by the facility he possesses for recounting imaginative but plausible stories for the purpose of deceiving his prospective victims.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about his £6,000 coup is that he first met the woman in October last, just after being released from jail on the completion of a sentence of nine months for fraud.

Henry Irving Eustace, now passing as "Champernowne Jeffries."

For Champernowne Jeffries is no other than the notorious young adventurer, Henry Irving Eustace, who began his criminal career at an early age by inducing a single woman to live with him and robbing her of all her jewellery.

Though of lowly birth, having first seen the light of day in a Cornish fishing village, Jeffries has acquired considerable polish since leaving his home surroundings.

For many years he worked as a waiter in various hotels, and was thus able to observe those manners and habits of the wealthy, which he has since aped with such outstanding success.

He never seems to have dabbled in petty crime, but has always aimed high.

One of his early coups was to defraud a wealthy woman of £10,000, while he once obtained valuables worth £1,200 from an Exeter jeweller by posing as the son of a substantial resident.

Some of his most spectacular coups have been made in the alias of Count Eustace de Boulogne, in which guise he boasts of his ancient castle in Cornwall.

Once, when sued in the High Court for £3,000, he speedily found a wealthy woman and proceeded to cultivate her friendship.

£ s. d. limp

He convinced her that he was a man of means with a credit of £8,000 at his current account at the bank.

Then, pretending one day that he had run short of cheques, he persuaded his friend to give him several from her own book, and thus robbed her of £7,000, using part of this haul to satisfy the £3,000 judgment outstanding against him.

He is known to have been in possession of a faked passbook, which he has used with deadly effect, for it purports to show payments to him of £10,000, £15,000 and £20,000, and is very useful in lending colour to his stories of his unlimited resources.

It is quite true that he was involved in a motoring accident which has left him with a limp, but even when he lay in hospital he used his wiles to stir up the sympathy of hospital visitors.

Three charitably disposed women were later swindled by him out of more than £10,000.

Champernowne Jeffries is easily one of the most deadly lounge lizards at large to-day.

A SCHEME *in the Clouds*

MANY young men must have been elated by advertisements which have appeared in British newspapers during the past month announcing opportunities for training in civil aviation with the guarantee of well-paid posts on qualifying.

To us the advertisements seemed peculiarly suspicious, because the recognised air-transport organisations can pick and choose from long waiting lists of potential pilots.

Soon we traced that the individual responsible for presenting this chance to the youth of Britain is a Major H. H. Oxley, who describes himself as an analyst and engineer, of Swan Farm, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

His notepaper purports to show that he has branches in Paris, Berlin and New York.

Those who have replied to Oxley's advertisements have been informed that a "special and exclusive" aviation service is being arranged in connection with an important (unnamed) Anglo-American group, and the pilots trained for it will be paid £12 weekly and a bonus of 2s. 6d. for each hour of flying.

Pupils are required to pay £150. Oxley makes it appear in his letters that the scheme is associated somehow with National Flying Services, the great British aviation company which has its headquarters at Hanworth Aerodrome, Middlesex.

He also makes free play with the names of three famous aviators connected with National Flying Services—Sir Alan Cobham, Mr. Gordon England and Colonel the Master of Sempill.

Don't know him

But his actual knowledge of them is so slight that in his communications he misspells all their names.

National Flying Services authorises us to state that it has no connection of any kind with Oxley, and its name and the names of the well-known pilots have been used wrongly and without permission.

If, after this disclosure, any parents or prospective pilots are still prepared to pay £150 to Oxley, they may hesitate when they learn something about his history.

He has deceived and plundered investors in the past in connection with engineering and medical ventures.

There are three bankruptcies registered against him, involving a total sum of nearly £10,000, and he has admitted obtaining substantial sums from dupes without disclosing that he was undischarged from his failures.

He has also been in prison for misusing money entrusted to him.

It was only a few weeks ago that the so-called Major Oxley moved to Chalfont St. Peter from Ickenham, Middlesex.

We mention this because during the past few days the address at Ickenham has become the headquarters of a strange concern called the British Hotel Service Institute, the principal of which signs letters in the name of R. M. Oxley, although its publications are issued by H. H. Oxley.

It is endeavouring to obtain fees for tuition by correspondence in—of all things—every branch of hotel and restaurant work.

As its literature and promises are far from convincing, it should be shunned as well as the curious air-service proposal.

Elderly Women Cruelly Deceived

A PEDLAR *of* PATHOS

FROM Dover to Durham and from Portsmouth to St. Albans a scoundrel named Thomas Wilson, has blazed a criminal trail, defrauding countless people on the way.

Having acquainted himself beforehand with information regarding a woman whose husband, brother or son is serving abroad, he makes a personal call and unfolds a plausible story.

Sometimes he poses as a hospital orderly; sometimes as a clerk from the "records office." But always his story is the same; the relative has met with an accident, and has been brought home by aeroplane for special treatment.

He is at present lying in a certain hospital, but as he cannot receive visitors yet awhile he has sent a message to ask for a little ready money for additional comforts.

By relating variations of this story to tearful women, Thomas Wilson has succeeded in obtaining sums ranging from a few shillings to £10.

On reaching a new town he calls upon shopkeepers, and pretends he is seeking someone in the district who has a relative serving overseas.

He says that the name has momentarily slipped his memory.

If one shopkeeper does not know anyone among his customers, Wilson tries another, and keeps on trying until some trader unwittingly furnishes him with a name and address that suits his purposes.

My Plan to SAVE SUNDAY

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Asking the public to queue up for American films while British actors starve

THE Lords and Commons have the chance, now that the Sunday Performances Bill is before Parliament, of defending the British nation from the charge of being humbugs.

At present, the House of Commons seems to want to give to American film interests the right to show, on Sunday night, talkies in England, many of which are all about gummen and crooks, and blackmailers and dope fiends, while it denies to the English theatre and to the English music-hall the equal right to open on Sunday.

Now, all around London, unknown to most people, over a dozen greyhound tracks are open every Sunday, some of them with two meetings a day. They all have betting, some have a sort of tote.

At some, dogs race under assumed names, sometimes using two names on the same Sunday, so that they can cheat the book.

No one can blame people who choose to go to these meetings. They are bored stiff on Sundays.

Yet, at the same time, thousands of English actors and actresses are out of work, actors who could just about live if they were allowed to act on Sundays.

Thousands of English music-hall artistes who, but for conditions imposed by the narrowness of Churches, could appear on Sunday nights and earn a fiver, are walking about workless, while an American film-machine runs over them.

Film interests are strong and powerful. Actors and music-hall artistes are apparently without a friend.

While they brawl

The English theatre began in cathedrals—at Chester, for instance, where monks acted miracle plays before the high altar, as part of the Church's education.

Is this form of amusement, which the Bishops of another century fostered and nurtured, an evil thing? Is the film more fit for Sunday? Is Harry Lauder on the stage worse than the four Marx Brothers on the screen?

The leaders of the Established Church are squabbling among themselves. Even the Primate is engaged at the moment in an acrimonious correspondence in the daily Press with the Bishop of Birmingham.

There are unseemly rows in churches up and down the land between clergymen who preach things that make their congregations angry and the irate congregations. Sometimes it leads to fights, even in the churchyards.

Now, if Churchpeople object, say, to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" being acted on Sunday night in a theatre, although it could be acted in a kinema if it were done by machinery, why is it that I have seen "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" acted on Sunday afternoon in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden?

Bishops are a joke

If the Church itself did it, why is it wrong for the theatre manager to want to do the same?

It is the Church, now, which is being criticised. Ruined farmers object to paying it tithes. Its cowardice over birth control and its stupidity about divorce make it an object of derision.

Bishops, generally, I am sorry to say, are now a joke. The truth is that the Church has missed its opportunity. It could have arranged lectures on Sunday nights and concerts, and done much to make less boring the provincial Sunday.

But, no, it blames the indifference of the world when, frankly, it is itself to blame.

Every village street on Sunday has groups of youths standing about with nothing to do. Every small town is abysmally dull—that is, for the poor.

The rich can do anything they like. Even if they want to go to the theatre, they need only join some Sunday play-producing society.

Now American films are destroying English tradition, almost every time they are shown.

The theatre, comparatively, is an English thing, the work-place of such men as John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, whose Nativity play, specially written for the purpose, I have seen acted in Canterbury Cathedral.

There are bridge clubs open every Sunday. Cannot the theatre enjoy an equal right? Why, there are Sunday cabarets in London!

"Sunday labour is evil," the parsons say. Do they not know that already 937,000 people work every Sunday in this country, selling their congregations food, taking them for rides on the railway, printing their Monday newspapers?

Even clergymen break the law every Sunday when they sell a parish magazine.

Glad of 5s.

Now, Dr. Lang, the Primate, is not a stupid parson, but a man who, ever since he was a curate at Portsea, has enjoyed a reputation for earnestness and common sense. He is respected by millions of people.

Instead of sitting by, while he sees passed a Bill which, by allowing unfair competition from a foreign rival, will help to kill the English theatre, why does he not lead the Church and the theatre in such a way that, on Sunday nights, we can all see, when the churches have finished their services, wholesome plays which can harm nobody and do good to many thousands?

You may not know, but there are working-men's clubs all over London where there are Sunday evening concerts, and where out-of-work comedians are paid as little as 5s. for a show.

All this takes place behind closed doors. It is all legal, apparently, or at least it is winked at, if you pay so much a year instead of so much a night.

In the open

Why not let it come out in the open, and be under proper control? Why not let it be run as a sane, serious business?

Millions of people have nothing to do on Sunday night except walk the streets or sit in their parlours holding hands.

Sunday theatres will not do them more harm than Sunday films. Indeed, they will do them less.

And they would do British artistes, British managers, and the British people generally, a great deal more good.

The Human Machine

True to Trust

IN the days when Samuel Smiles wrote his famous book on "Self-Help," it was everyone's ambition to get to "the top of the tree"; and the idea that there is plenty of room at the top dies hard. Yet the truth is that there is very little room indeed at the top. That old catch-phrase, "The higher the fewer," had a good deal more truth in it than its originator probably suspected.

"The business world," said someone the other day, "is filled with embryo managing directors who have been made unfit for their present jobs by excessive ambition. There may be a field-marshal's baton in every soldier's haversack—but only one field-marshal is required for every 100,000 soldiers.

"There can only be a dozen Prime Ministers in the lifetime of any one of us, and the number of directors of successful companies is also decidedly limited."

That is profoundly true, and it is because its truth is so little appreciated that so much laudable ambition is wasted or goes astray. Ambition is an invaluable spur to endeavour, but to be effective it must aim at a goal within reach; and every man must be the judge of what is reachable for him.

THE trouble with most ambitious people is that they want to run before they can walk. They want to grasp the stars before they have learned to plant their feet firmly on the earth; for the first essential if you want to get on is to do well the particular job you happen to have at the moment. In other words, ambition must be something to work from—and the best foundation is craftsmanship.

Anyone can be a craftsman, which in essence means doing a job in the best possible way, doing it well because you want to do it well, doing it willingly because you find real joy in your work. Unless that is the spirit in which you do your daily work you might as well consign your ambition to the dustbin.

No man who does not do the job he has well is likely to get a better, however ambitious he may be; for he is busy all day long proving his unfitness for responsibility.

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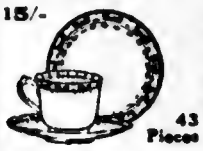

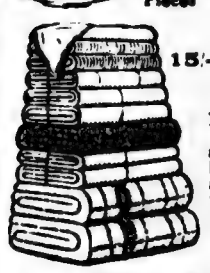

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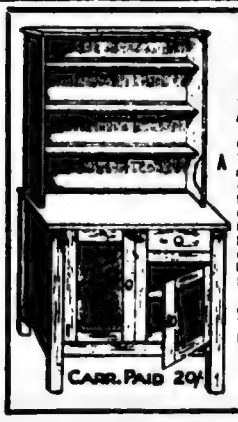

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Nearly everybody must be aware that, under existing laws, a woman who marries a foreigner forfeits her British nationality and assumes that of her husband.

Mixed marriages are comparatively few and far between, so that the general public does not take a keen interest in this question. And yet the principle involved is of great importance, and, in thousands of individual cases, women are the victims of cruel hardship under the existing laws.

Since it became a general slogan to "Write to JOHN BULL about it" we have received many tragic letters from the British-born wives of alien husbands.

One of these reached us only last week, and, since the case of Mrs. Margaret Prado is typical of many others, we will give an outline of the facts, which have been checked by our own investigation.

Mrs. Prado, who is now living at 47, Brandling Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was married at Sunderland register-office in 1913 to Lieut.-Engineer Maxiliano Prado, of the Chilean Navy, who was then in this country on his Government's service.

She went to Chile with her husband at the beginning of the war and remained with him there for ten years, during which time a daughter was born.

In 1924 Mrs. Prado had a longing to see her own parents and her own country once more. Lieut. Prado was due to retire from the navy in two years' time, and he agreed that his wife and little girl should return to England, where he would rejoin them after his retirement with a view to making a permanent home in Europe.

MOTHER and daughter therefore returned to this country, and for two years Lieut. Prado sent them an adequate allowance. But they have never seen him again. In 1926 regular payments ceased, and ever since then Mrs. Prado and her child have been almost wholly maintained by her aged father and mother.

This is, so far, an ordinary, but none the less pathetic, story of desertion. Its special and peculiar tragedy lies in the fact that Mrs. Prado is no longer an Englishwoman in law, and, so far as this country is concerned, nothing can be done to assist her.

Mrs. Prado's father, who was in a reasonably good position, is now unemployed. He is sixty-eight years old and has no pension, nor can he claim unemployment insurance. Her mother is aged and blind and the sole means of support for four people is a pension of 21s. a week received by the mother.

In the meantime Lieut. Prado is drawing a pension of about £400 a year and has not disclosed his address. His unfortunate British-born wife has no possible remedy except to sue him in the Chilean courts.

She is quite ready to go back to Chile, but she has no money to pay the passage and all attempts to secure her repatriation have hitherto been unavailing.

IT must be clearly understood that, in the eyes of the law, Mrs. Prado and her daughter are aliens. They are allowed to live in this country as a concession because of the mother's British birth. But, in every other respect, they are no better off than any destitute in a foreign land.

Indeed, it might almost be better for them if they were truly aliens and could be compulsorily deported to their own country.

This situation, tragic enough in the case of Mrs. Prado and hundreds of women who, like her, have forfeited their British nationality by marriage, becomes farcical as well as cruelly unjust in the case of women who, by their marriage, cease to have any legal nationality at all.

When, for example, an American citizen marries an Englishwoman, the United States does not on that account accept her as an American citizen. She cannot acquire American nationality until she has resided in the States for twelve months.

If space permitted we could quote very many instances of hardship, humiliation and intolerable injustice arising from mixed marriages under existing conditions, but the general principle involved is more important than any individual case.

Are we content that, in this matter of nationality, our women should still be treated as the appanages of their husbands? If we are not content, then clearly Parliament must free women from the tyranny of the old laws and give them the inalienable right to retain their British nationality no matter whom they may wed.

They will be given that right if the "Nationality of Married Women Bill," introduced by the late Dr. Ethel Bentham, M.P., and now, after its second reading, relegated to a standing committee, ever becomes law.

Five Labour women M.P.s and 220 members of all Parties support that Bill, and to-day we urge the House and the country to follow their lead and to force this Bill on to the Statute-book as soon as possible.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Her flag by right—for ever!

DR. BENTHAM'S Bill provides, among other things, that British women shall automatically retain their British status, no matter whom they marry, and that alien women marrying British subjects shall not become British subjects by reason of marriage.

That latter proviso is important in its way because it would help to put an end to the scandal of undesirable alien women, who come over here, go through a form of marriage, and then remain in this country with all the privileges of British nationality.

But the main purport of the Bill—to secure the birthright of nationality permanently to every British-born woman—is not in the least revolutionary or even startling.

It would merely place our own kinswomen on a level with their sisters in the United States or in France, Belgium, Sweden Denmark, Norway, and Finland, the countries which have already adopted the same attitude.

The conventions between these countries are working smoothly enough. Unfortunately, there is no international uniformity on this subject.

Thus, a Frenchwoman remains French under French law, even when, for example, she marries an Italian. But under Italian law she would be an Italian subject.

Here, of course, is matter for international agreement, and already efforts are being made to secure this agreement. The congress of women representing nine nations sitting in Paris last May prepared a report demanding modification of existing laws to this end, and that report is now being considered by the League of Nations.

In the meantime it looks very much as though Dr. Bentham's Bill will be shelved indefinitely because of legal difficulties and opposition from the Dominions on various grounds.

This shelving must not be allowed.

WHAT America has secured for her women we can and must secure for ours. Legal difficulties can be overcome, technical barriers surmounted.

To-day there are hundreds of women like Mrs. Prado cheated out of their rights by unjust and antiquated laws. Justice and humanity demand a reform of these laws. Let us establish the principle of equality for women in this matter of nationality once and for all. After that has been done, details can be worked out and international difficulties smoothed over at our leisure.

Amazing Unoffici

Expert at investigating jewel robberies—Chief Inspector Berrett

FEW people are aware that Commerce possesses a Secret Service of its own, with highly organised machinery for outwitting business tricksters, or that millions of pounds are saved yearly through its efforts.

It undertakes many delicate enquiries, and the nature of its operations is such that reports of its successes rarely reach the Press.

Even when convictions are recorded against delinquents it has brought to book, the clever detective work which often lies behind each case is not revealed.

Who are the men who do so much to make the world of commerce safe for honest traders?

Many of them are ex-Scotland Yard men who have retired with honours from the State service, but who prove almost daily that their years of usefulness are far from over.

Huge sums involved

They work principally for the great insurance companies and various firms of assessors and adjusters, investigating colossal claims and unmasking those who seek to enrich themselves by craftily conceived fraud.

Although thousands of spurious claims are made upon insurance companies every year—some running into hundreds of thousands of pounds—the public hears little or nothing about them.

The most amazing and comprehensive protective measures are adopted by the Commercial Secret Service to probe every suspicious claim received, and its investigators often find their duties take them to the far corners of the earth.

When huge sums are at stake no expense is spared in the interests of justice; but the high proportion of successes justifies the efforts that are made.

Let us show you this remarkable machinery in operation, and tell of cases where stupendous sums have been saved and astounding claims have been exploded.

A man of Austrian origin, named Harry Morser, who traded in Hatton Garden, London, as Harry Morser and Co., sued the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Ltd., some time ago for something like £10,000 in respect of precious stones lost in transit.

He came before Lord Hewart in the High Court the other day, and JOHN BULL may be forgiven for being particularly interested in his case, because we commented upon Morser's reported loss in our issue of July 20, 1929.

Morser emerged with little credit from his appearance in court. His story did not survive cross-examination, and his claim upon the insurance company was dismissed.

According to Morser, his loss occurred at Tunis, where, apparently, he decided he could get a better price for his diamonds than elsewhere.

Only rubbish left

So he insured his precious stones, paying a premium of £175, packed them in separate parcels, and sent them to Tunis by registered post.

He had never been to Tunis, and thought postal transit safer than taking his valuable consignment in personal custody.

When he arrived in Tunis and collected the packages, he found to his dismay that the principal one, in which he had put his best stones, valued at £9,500, had been tampered with *en route* and now contained only rubbish.

So he immediately returned to London and lodged his claim with the insurance company. Certain details of his story sounded thin, so Commercial Secret Service agents were immediately instructed to investigate.

The line of enquiry led to Antwerp, Paris, Brussels, Tunis and various other places, and money had to be spent like water.

But gradually a mass of information was obtained. Every detail of Morser's record was carefully compiled from the day when he first saw the light in Vienna in 1873.

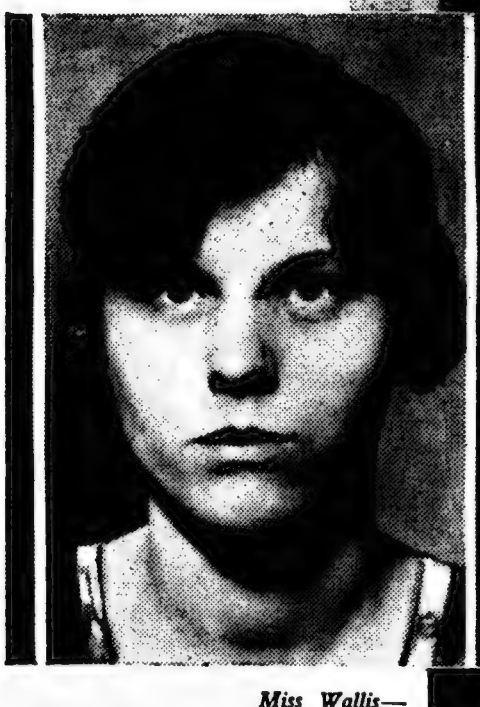
He was found to have been concerned in a previous insurance claim, though he had concealed this fact, and it was also discovered that his financial position prior to the time of the alleged loss was bad.

Paris enquiries showed that Morser had been concerned, too, in another remarkable case, a feature of which had been the disappearance of certain trunks containing valuables.

Among other things, he was found to have signed a false document, to have used an alias, and to have been accompanied on his trip to Tunis by a man who was also alleged to be the victim of a diamond robbery.

Thus, Morser's claim was eventually defeated. But only a secret service like this, backed by adequate resources and able to send its trained investigators all over Europe, could combat his claim.

A similar case occurred not long ago when a claim was lodged with an insurance company respecting a £35,000 jewel robbery which was alleged to have occurred between London and Australia.



Miss Wallis—robbed on Holborn Viaduct

No blowlamp needed on this safe: he knew the combination

Here, again, a parcel which had been sent by registered post was alleged to have been tampered with in transit, nails having been substituted for the original consignment of diamonds.

The package was declared to be the same as that handed in in London, but it seemed almost impossible to tell at which point on its long journey across the world its valuable contents had been abstracted.

Yet an inspired investigator solved the mystery in a simple, but dazzlingly clever, manner.

Studying the listed stones said to have been in the consignment, he got together a parcel of gems of similar carat.

The total weight showed that such a consignment would have required greater postage than appeared upon the original package.

But the postage on the package was accurate for the nails. Obviously, therefore, the nails had been in the package when it was first posted in London.

Thus the conspirators were completely bowled out.

Then there is a most interesting case of a rare topaz, valued at £20,000, said by the claimant to have been exquisitely etched by a world-famous artist. This gem was supposed to have been lost by a Society woman in Naples.

Mythical jewel

Jewellers throughout the world were questioned in connection with this claim, which was finally rejected on an incontrovertible point of technical knowledge.

This was that no topaz of the weight given by the claimant nor the person from whom it was alleged to have been purchased had ever been known in history.

A woman, named Mrs. Caroline Wisenthal, recently brought an action against the World Auxiliary Insurance Corporation respecting the loss of furs from a Glasgow stock-room.

Concealed account

The fullest enquiries, from the day the claim was received, were made by men of the Commercial Secret Service, and the company rightly refused to pay the claim, which was one of more than £7,000.

The woman took her case to court, and the defence entered by the company was about as definite as it could possibly be—that the goods, if stolen, were stolen with the knowledge of some of the parties concerned.

Through the astuteness of the enquiries made on behalf of the insurance company, Mr. Birkett, K.C., was able to prove that a stock-book and a banking account had been fraudulently concealed, and the woman, with the grave issues of fraud thus raised against her in court, lost her case.

These commercial investigators

...l Secret Service

...ne Marnac, ...f the famous ...tress victims of jewel thieves

Tunis Post Office (below), where rubbish was found in a parcel instead of diamonds

never attempt to present a case that is not conclusive, and claims often have to be paid in the face of numerous suspicious circumstances because of one missing link in the chain of enquiry which cannot be found.

A titled lady's claim for £20,000 in respect of lost jewellery was settled some time ago, though the insurance company had quite a lot of evidence suggesting that her husband had taken the jewellery to settle debts to moneylenders.

There was just a trifling element of doubt, but the claimant was given the benefit of it.

Bogus claims, of course, are not confined to jewel robberies, but occur in all branches of insurance.

Let us tell how one marine claim for £500,000 was cleverly scouted by a persevering investigator.

A vessel insured at Lloyd's was reported a year or so ago as having foundered in a heavy gale off the Sardinian coast. The bills of lading, invoices and various documents furnished by the claimants appeared to be quite in order, but the fact that every member of the crew had escaped in somewhat miraculous circumstances aroused suspicion.

All had stirring stories to relate of the terrible storm through which they had passed; yet no one had received so much as a scratch.

Enquiries in Spain revealed that the vessel was officially regarded as having been sunk in the gulf between Sicily and Barcelona, and further investigation showed that she had been miles out of her course at the time of the disaster.

Half-million bluff

Then a series of meteorological reports, obtained with great difficulty and translated from Spanish, revealed the indisputable fact that the weather conditions at the time of the alleged gale had been ideal.

Enquiries were still pursued, and in the end it was established that the vessel had been deliberately scuttled.

Investigations into this case occupied months and involved immense expenditure, but as a £500,000 claim was quashed, it was well worth it.

Variety enters into the insurance investigator's life, and large and small cases have to be dealt with just as patiently.

Faked lightning

Sometimes the cases are not without a spice of humour, as in a case where a number of Midland farmers were constantly claiming for cattle struck by lightning.

Several claims had been settled before suspicion was aroused; then one relating to a valuable bloodstock cow was made the subject of a special investigation.

Again the service of meteorological reports proved invaluable, as no lightning had been observed in the particular locality on the date concerned. The cow was exhumed and examination revealed a bullet in its brain.

Arson is behind a very high proportion of bogus fire claims, and the mysterious origin of a large number of suspicious fires was discovered recently in a novel way.

The fire brigade was summoned to an East End of London shop from which volumes of smoke were issuing.

A fireman who fought his way into the premises discovered that the smoke originated from a small wooden box in the centre of the floor, and a flood of water speedily subdued it.

Examination revealed that the box was specially constructed, and had been filled with shellac that had evidently been ignited by a time-fuse carried through a hole in the lid.

In one corner of the box was a tin of explosive oil, which would have blown the whole contraption to pieces, scattering the burning shellac all over the room.

In this case the claimant blundered by using oil with a flash-point that was too low, and the hoped-for explosion never took place.

Insurance investigators know that such "fire-boxes" are in common use to-day, but as they leave no evidence, proof is only possible when a hitch occurs, as in the case cited above.

An interesting dispute occurred some time back in which an East End trader claimed for a number of cases of certain goods that had been destroyed when his stock-room was completely gutted by fire.

The fact that the claim seemed rather high for one whose business was known to be none too flourishing aroused suspicion, and an investigator was instructed to "probe" the claim.

Train mystery

Not getting very satisfactory answers to his queries, he settled the matter very effectively by a simple mathematical calculation.

Obtaining the architect's plans, he worked out the cubic capacity of the trader's stock-room. Then he took the measurements of one of the cases in which the trader was in the habit of packing his goods.

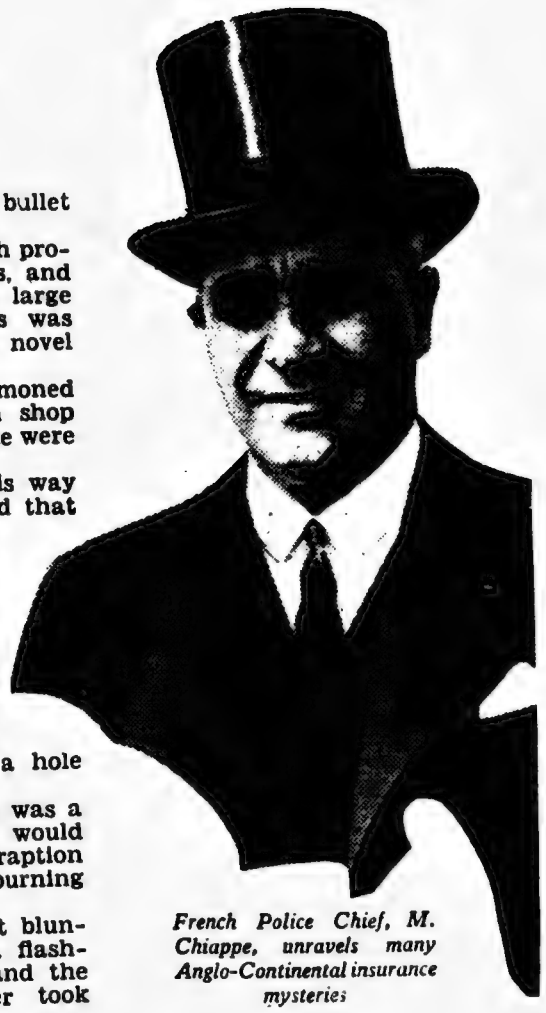
He was thus able to prove beyond all dispute that the stock-room would have had to be nearly twice its actual size to have held the quantity of goods for which the trader was claiming.

Commercial investigators went all over the Continent recently in connection with a £400,000 claim made by a firm of Russian merchants in London.

A member of the firm, travelling from Riga to Berlin, alleged that his trunk had been rifled while he was asleep in a first-class carriage of an express train.

The investigations, though very protracted, finally revealed that this London firm had suffered no loss at all, and that the cleverly bolstered-up claim was completely bogus.

Apart from their work in protecting commerce from frauds of this kind, these clever detectives are often of great assistance to the police in genuine robberies, as one remarkable story will show.



French Police Chief, M. Chiappe, unravels many Anglo-Continental insurance mysteries

A London diamond-merchant entered his office one Monday morning to find that his safe had been opened by experts with oxy-acetylene blow-pipes.

The room was in disorder, the floor having been strewn with wet sand to catch the molten metal as it fell. A canvas screen had also been erected near the windows to subdue the glare of the blow-pipes.

The insurance agents investigating this claim soon discovered that the thieves had contrived to get their cumbersome apparatus into the building by clever means.

A basement office being vacant, they had rented it, and on the Saturday afternoon preceding the robbery had carried in all their safe-breaking implements concealed in innocent-looking rolls of linoleum.

Many robberies of a perfectly genuine kind remain unsolved.

Girl with a parcel

Just over a year ago a Miss Wallis, employed by a Hatton Garden, London, firm, reported to the police that a parcel, containing diamonds valued at £6,000, was stolen from her on Holborn Viaduct whilst she was on her way to a post-office.

The matter has never been solved by the police, and the thief is still at large.

Thus these silent sleuths of commerce play their part in combating all forms of dishonesty. Their achievements show that they are worthy opponents of the clever rogues who are constantly devising ingenious schemes for defrauding the public.

There's no "catch" about Manikins—they're just good, mellow Tobacco—mild, nutty and fragrant, giving smoke-pleasure second to none.

No idle boast—this—but a plain statement of fact, amply confirmed by the thousands of Manikin enthusiasts who have smoked them for years.

Put them to the test to-night—the outlay is small—10d. buys 5, and your first Manikin will be but the forerunner of many a half-hour to be spent in their happy company.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Oh! these filthy Nails!
KEEN'S
PEROXOL
(Trade Mark)
takes out the dirt and makes the tips ivory white in a second!
Just squeeze a little on your nail brush. Magic! Your nails and hands become beautified immediately.
FREE Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., and we will send you a full sized 1/3 tube. Tubes 1/3 and 3/- at chemists, hairdressers, etc.
Dept. B. 65a Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

Real Life STORIES—

THE Missing

by FRED M. WHITE

THE staggering improbability on which this story hangs is no invention of mine. I am prepared to swear an affidavit to that; for the happening was duly recorded in the London Press some years before the war.

* * *

Antony Prosser (though that was not his real name) came out of the Law Courts, where he had been giving evidence in a somewhat interesting civil cause, which, however, was no concern of his, morally or financially.

His testimony was highly important to the issue all the same, and when the adjournment for the luncheon interval arrived, he calmly walked out of court with the rest, his examination half finished.

A bachelor of independent means, enjoying the best of health, he was held by his friends to be without a single trouble in the world.

And that was the last ever seen of him alive.

* * *

Naturally, the strange disappearance of Mr. Antony Prosser caused something in the way of a sensation.

The case in which he was indirectly concerned was one of those legal dramas that appealed to the man in the street, and the popular Press made the most of it.

MOREOVER, the missing man's evidence up to the time when the court adjourned for luncheon gave every indication of drama in the background, so that when at length his name was called a few minutes after two o'clock and there was no response, excitement quickly rose to feverheat.

"What do you propose to do, Mr. Jowler?" the judge asked senior counsel for the defendant. "Do you ask for an adjournment, or will you call your next witness?"

Jowler, K.C., hardly knew what to do. Half an hour had already been wasted, and the court was growing impatient.

What on earth had happened to the man? He had known perfectly well that he was to appear within an hour, and here the clock was creeping along towards three and no sign of him.

Could he have met with some accident and was he detained at that very moment in some hospital? Had he been taken suddenly ill in the street? Or had he been lured away by some evil person more or less directly interested in the case?

Such things had happened, but rarely in broad daylight on a perfect afternoon in June—one of the finest Junes on record, with rain almost forgotten.

Fowler, K.C., leader on the other side, was by no means averse from an adjournment. He had been looking forward eagerly to his cross-examination of the missing witness—in fact, his case depended entirely on his power to shake the testimony of Antony Prosser. He rose and bobbed to the judge.

"May it please your ludship," he said. "I am entirely in the hands of my learned friend."

"I have to thank my learned friend," Jowler, K.C., said, parrot-like. "So, if it is convenient to your ludship, I would prefer to take an adjournment till to-morrow."

Whereupon a fresh jury was sworn in connection with another case and the court immediately emptied. So the afternoon wore on and night fell without a sign of Mr. Antony Prosser. And the evening papers made the best of it.

They told a waiting world that Mr. Prosser lived in a flat in Kensington, where his wants were ministered to by an elderly woman and her husband.

Interviewed by a squad of reporters, the respectable couple in question had very little to say.

They had been in the service of Prosser for many years. He was a man of exceedingly regular habits, having very few friends, and, with the exception of an annual summer trip to Eastbourne, rarely left London.

His correspondence was limited, and it was his custom to leave such letters as he received lying about for days or until he had answered them. He breakfasted at home and was in the habit of lunching and dining at his club.

So far as the couple knew, he hadn't an enemy in the world; nor had either of them noticed any change in his usual cheery manner during the past few days.

It was the "star" representative of a certain newspaper who first struck a clue to the mystery.

Calling at the missing man's club, he came in contact with a certain stockbroker, who, so it transpired, was more or less of a friend of Antony Prosser.

THE informant declared that he had met the other on the south side of the Strand just after the court had adjourned for luncheon.

No words had passed between them, as the City man had been rather pressed for time and had merely exchanged nods with Prosser. But he had seen the latter pause before a newsboy and purchase an early edition of an evening paper.

It was not much, but enough to afford the Press man scope for a theory that filled out a whole column of his journal.

It was an utterly wrong theory, as events subsequently proved, but, all the same, came in later on in an entirely different angle with startling effect.

So the day and the night passed with no sign of the missing witness, and the case in court was adjourned over the week-end on the chance of the mystery being solved.

The next day brought nothing in the way of a clue and also the next again.

Thus, despite the exertions of the police, who had now taken the matter in hand, two more days passed with the public more bewildered than ever.

It seemed most incredible that a man possessed of due mental attributes, in the possession of his senses, and the owner of a comfortable income, should vanish like this in the broad light of day.

BUT was Antony Prosser in perfect mental health? That was the question that astute students of such cases were beginning to ask themselves.

On this point Sir Arigo Blinque, the eminent physician and alienist of Wimpole Street, had quite a lot to say. The missing man was a patient of his, had been for years.

As to his mental condition, there could be no question; a clearer-minded man never lived, nor one more cheerful, with the humorous philosophy of an Anatole France.

Sound in wind and limb, albeit with some disposition towards *angina pectoris*, though symptoms of this had tended to decrease of late; a careful man in every way, and one who enjoyed life to the full.

"Have you seen him lately?" asked the Scotland Yard man who had the case in hand.

"Within a week," Sir Arigo replied, "when I examined him with a view to some further life insurance."

"When you found nothing wrong?"

"Absolutely nothing. No morbidity. No signs of strain either of mind or body—in fact, better than ever."

Nor could the missing man's relatives throw any light on the subject. He had kept overmuch to himself, but there were occasions when he visited them and gave the impression of a man who made the best of life and enjoyed it to the full.

Moreover, he was in possession of means wherewith to carry out any

NEXT WEEK

Barry Perowne, Author of "Old 'Un," specially writes another human story, "Three Legs," for our Real Life Series

SOLDIER'S WIDOW WINS £3,500

ONE afternoon, a week or two ago, two sisters were sitting in Selly Oak Park, Birmingham. "How about this for a 'Bullet'?" one of them asked suddenly. "The 'Example' is MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR. I'll put 'WALKS'—IN 'MEMORY'S GARDEN.'"

She was frightened

The speaker was Mrs. Amy Humphries, 132, Tiverton Road, Selly Oak. Today, for those few words, she has carried off the biggest prize ever won by a woman—the First of £3,000, with £50 yearly for life, or one lump sum of £3,500, offered in our 810th "Bullets" Competition.

"When JOHN BULL'S telegram came," she told our representative. "I was absolutely frightened. I rushed round to tell my sister the good news, and then we went on to wait outside the kinema for my brother, who had gone there that evening. Then the three of us sat up talking most of the night!"

"It means a new life to me," she went on, delightedly. "My first thought is to arrange to give my boys a good schooling.

"I'm going to invest the money carefully, so that when the time comes each of them will have a real training."

Life has been hard for Mrs. Humphries. Her husband served with the Royal Warwickshires in the war and died suddenly of pneumonia two years ago.

It was the thought of him, she believes, which brought to her mind the winning "Bullet."

Finding herself unable to win even a small prize, Mrs. Humphries reserved a supply of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* to help her.

Accordingly, she has become entitled to a "Singer" motor-car in addition to the £3,500 cheque she has chosen as her reward for the one coupon she entered for our big contest.

A £1,000 cheque, a Motor-car and a Radio Gramophone are offered on p. 31. Follow Mrs. Humphries' example and win.

Witness

—by Famous Authors

sort of recreation or pursuit that took his fancy.

The whole affair was a baffling mystery, the more so seeing that Prosser never carried with him any valuables or sums of money which might have induced some thief or thieves to pick on him as a likely victim.

And so the matter drifted on until five days had elapsed, with still no clue whatever.

* * *

Once more the High Court was sitting, and the case in which Antony Prosser was indirectly interested had been resumed. And Jowler, K.C., was making the best of his cause, handicapped by the absence of his leading witness.

Fowler, K.C., on the other side, expressed his great regret, none the less genuine because he really had been looking forward to his cross-examination of Mr. Antony Prosser.

He was saying so with much eloquence as he came to develop arguments on behalf of his client when an officer of the court stole quietly behind Jowler, K.C., and whispered a few words in his ear, whereupon the learned gentleman rose from his seat and hurriedly left the court.

Evidently something was in the wind, and the members of the Press present began to sit up and take notice. Professional instinct told them that some startling movement was afoot.

They were still more intrigued when Jowler, K.C., came hurrying back ten minutes later carrying an early edition of an evening paper in his hand.

The presiding judge on the bench was laying down the law on some important point when Jowler interrupted him.

"With all due respect, m'lud," he asked. "May I be permitted to make a statement?"

"Go on, Mr. Jowler," his lordship smiled.

"It is this," counsel declared. "It has been hinted in one journalistic quarter that the absence of my chief witness is not altogether inconvenient to me. It has just come to my knowledge that the missing witness has been found."

A BABEL of sounds broke out in the gallery, so that for some time the learned counsel was unable to proceed.

"Dear me!" the judge exclaimed. "In that case I presume you would prefer to interpolate him at this juncture."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, m'lud," Jowler, K.C., declared. "But that is impossible, for the simple reason that the unfortunate gentleman is dead."

"Dead, Mr. Jowler? Do you mean—er—murdered?"

"No, m'lud," counsel went on. "A case of sudden death. But perhaps I may be allowed to quote from the early edition of the paper I hold in my hand."

* * *

In breathless silence the speaker read the story:

"Very early this morning a gardener employed in a public gardens quite near the Law Courts made a startling discovery.

"Happening to pass a seat in a secluded corner, he noticed a well-dressed man sitting on the seat, having been apparently engrossed in a newspaper. The man's head was bent sideways, and the paper held in his hand.

"The position of the body attracted the gardener's attention, so he approached the seat and found, to his horror, that the unfortunate man was dead.

"A little later the body was identified as that of the missing Mr. Antony Prosser. The fact that for the last few days the weather has been so very fine—"

"God bless me!" the judge exclaimed. "Dead for five days in a public gardens and nobody . . . Incredible, impossible."

"Just as you say, m'lud, but absolutely true all the same."

* * *

As I said at the beginning, this is no invention of mine. I have added a little necessary embroidery, but the basic facts are true. The files of newspapers for a certain year before the war bear me out in this, and show that truth is stranger than fiction.

"The position of the body attracted the gardener's attention"

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why—your child's Bread needs 'Golden' Shred

ROBERTSON—only maker

Wash Away Superfluous Hair

New discovery by British Scientist.

100% PURE—WHITE—PERFUMED

In less time than it takes to slip into your bathing costume you can now banish superfluous hair troubles for ever. A new substance called Wenlo-White discovered by a celebrated British Chemist dissolves the Keratin found in the hair and its roots. The hair just falls away leaving the skin velvety smooth soft and white.

1. Simply apply this perfumed White Cream and
2. Rinse away the hairs.

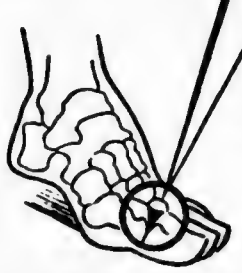
As simple and easy as that! The formula and sole rights of this marvellous product have been acquired at enormous expense by the manufacturers of Veet, and Wenlo-White is now contained in a New Veet (White Colour) guaranteed 100% pure. On sale at all dealers at the same price as before—1/6 a tube—in spite of the enormous sums expended on this new discovery. Look on the label for the words "New Veet."

Free Trial. Trial size by post, in plain wrapper. 3d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32A), Cunard Rd., Chase Estate, London, N.W.10

QUICK RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

No matter how badly or how long you have suffered, you can get speedy relief from indigestion by removing the cause of the trouble. Usually indigestion arises from excess stomach acid which causes fermentation and creates gases that give intense pain. By neutralising this excess acid and soothing and healing the inflamed stomach 'mmg 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only gives instant relief, but builds up a strong healthy digestion. All chemists sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia in both powder and tablet form at 1s. 3d., and you cannot get anything more certain to end your stomach troubles. JB

WHEN A CORN STABS LIKE A THORN



THE ROOT IS PRESSING ON THE SORE JOINT AND SENSITIVE NERVES

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

Also it hurts, and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top making it bigger and more painful than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway, and therefore doesn't matter. The *business* end of a corn is the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. A good handful of 'REUDEL BATH SALTRATES' dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is obtainable of any chemist at 1/6 a half-pound packet which is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles. JB

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast, but if you are troubled with sick headaches, bad complexion, furred tongue, or biliousness, or are subject to rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, you should stir in a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. Any chemist can supply you with a quarter-pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate for 2s., and this simple addition to your morning glass of hot water will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, and poisonous toxins. This daily cleansing will keep your system free of uric acid and other impurities, and will thus ensure physical and mental fitness. JB

Babies Given Away

Where they are in kindly hands—in the National Adoption Association Nursery

THE adoption of a baby by a childless couple, or even by a single woman aflame with the instinct of motherhood, can be a wholesome and delightful thing. It may be twice blessed, conferring lasting happiness on foster-parents and lifelong benefits upon the child of their choice.

This is the bright side of the picture. There is another—dark, sinister, malign.

Children are sometimes adopted from the vilest motives, the wish to make money out of them being by no means the worst.

"Baby farming"—the adoption of infants as a paying business—has been to some extent regulated by Act of Parliament.

But it may surprise many people to learn that, if no money passes, young children may be tossed from one pair of hands to another like so many puppies or rabbits.

Save where money is the motive, the law takes no effective measures to guard the future of the adopted child.

Like stray dogs

People who talk as if child adoption were always and everywhere a beautiful act of kindness should peruse the recent records of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

They might then realise the need for an alteration of the law which permits human monsters to adopt children whom they afterwards torture, exploit or neglect.

In its latest report the society calls attention to two flagrant examples of the evil we condemn.

In one case a bachelor of vicious disposition, living by himself in a single room, replied to the advertisement of an unmarried woman who wanted her eight-year-old boy adopted.

Without enquiry by any public authority, as casually as one might dispose of a stray dog, the child was handed over.

The hell of torment he suffered can only be imagined. The adoptive father, evidently, was one of those revolting fiends who find in systematic cruelty a ceaseless delight.

When at length complaints reached the society's ears, the poor child had been so savagely man-handled that it needed a month in hospital to heal his stripes and wounds.

It is satisfactory to know that the author of this brutal outrage was prosecuted and punished, although his sentence of six months' hard labour was more lenient than just.

The worst of it is, however, that there is nothing in the present state of the law to hinder this ruffian, when he comes out of prison, from another orgy of insensate cruelty at the expense of a defenceless child.

The root-evil is that the Adoption of Children Act, 1926, which aims at preventing such scandals as this, is an optional, instead of a compulsory, measure.

All it provides is that, if foster-parents so desire, they may go before a bench of magistrates, announcing their wish to adopt a child, when it becomes the duty of the justices to satisfy themselves that the child to be adopted will probably be happier for the change of custody.

A brute's delight

What in practice it amounts to is that the best type of foster-parent is likely to avail himself of the Act's provisions, whose effect is to put the child in practically the same position, legally, as if it were the natural offspring of those adopting it.

The evilly-disposed foster-parent, on the other hand, shuns the Adoption Act with cunning sagacity. The thing he dreads most is publicity. Wickedness thrives best in the dark.

If the Adoption Act had been compulsory, and no transference of a child's custody sanctioned without an order from the magistrate, the brute whose delight it was to maim and beat would never have been placed in control of an eight-year-old boy.

The magistrates would have demanded evidence of his good character and kindly disposition.

They would have seen to it that the child went not to a one-room lodging, but to a decent home, where it might enjoy not only fatherly protection, but motherly care.

The second outrageous example adduced in the annual report of the N.S.P.C.C. still further emphasises the urgency of this demand.

A Yorkshire couple apparently made a habit of adopting other people's children. One had died in their care; the next they grew tired of, and bundled off to an institution; the third, it seems, a boy of ten, admirably suited their purpose.

If treated with enough severity, he could be induced to forswear boyish games, and relieve the lazy foster-mother of most of the drudgery.

Only when neighbours reported the situation to the authorities did his cruel slavery end.

Once again, it is safe to say that no bench of justices would have sanctioned this adoption. It was the direct result of the lax state of the law, which allows children to be given away as carelessly as rag dolls.

Frequently, of course, children are adopted for payment, and although in this event the law is a little more vigilant, its provisions are constantly evaded.

Not long ago, at Christchurch, Hants, a woman was prosecuted for disobeying the provision of the Children Act, 1908, which stipulates that, if a child under seven years old is accepted "for reward," notice shall be given to the local authority within twenty-four hours.

Subsequent enquiries proved that a man with an office in the Strand, London, was making it his regular business to interview mothers wanting to dispose of their babies.

His method was to scan the newspapers containing advertisements of babies for adoption, and then, after seeing the advertisers, to communicate with various women who, for money payments, would receive the children into their care.

Charging a nice little commission upon each transaction, he made quite a comfortable income out of this traffic in infant life. Yet there are innocent people who believe that "baby-farming" is dead.

Belts and boots

The great flaw in the Children Act is that it requires no notification to the local authority, even where money is paid to foster-parents, if the child is more than seven years old.

Putting it bluntly, it is every bit as legal in this country to-day to sell children as it is to sell pigs or sheep, and, so long as they have passed their seventh birthday, the law is less concerned with such transactions than with the activities of a cattle market.

There will be no adequate safeguard against the abuses of adoption till it is made illegal for persons to accept the custody of children not their own, whether for payment or not, except after the closest enquiry into their character and fitness, and with the approval of some public authority.

Till then we shall continue to read of cases like that reported the other day, where two boys, aged twelve and six, having been promised "an earthly paradise" by their foster-parents, were found half-starved in an attic, cowering in terror from savage belts and boots.

What Dulcie Did

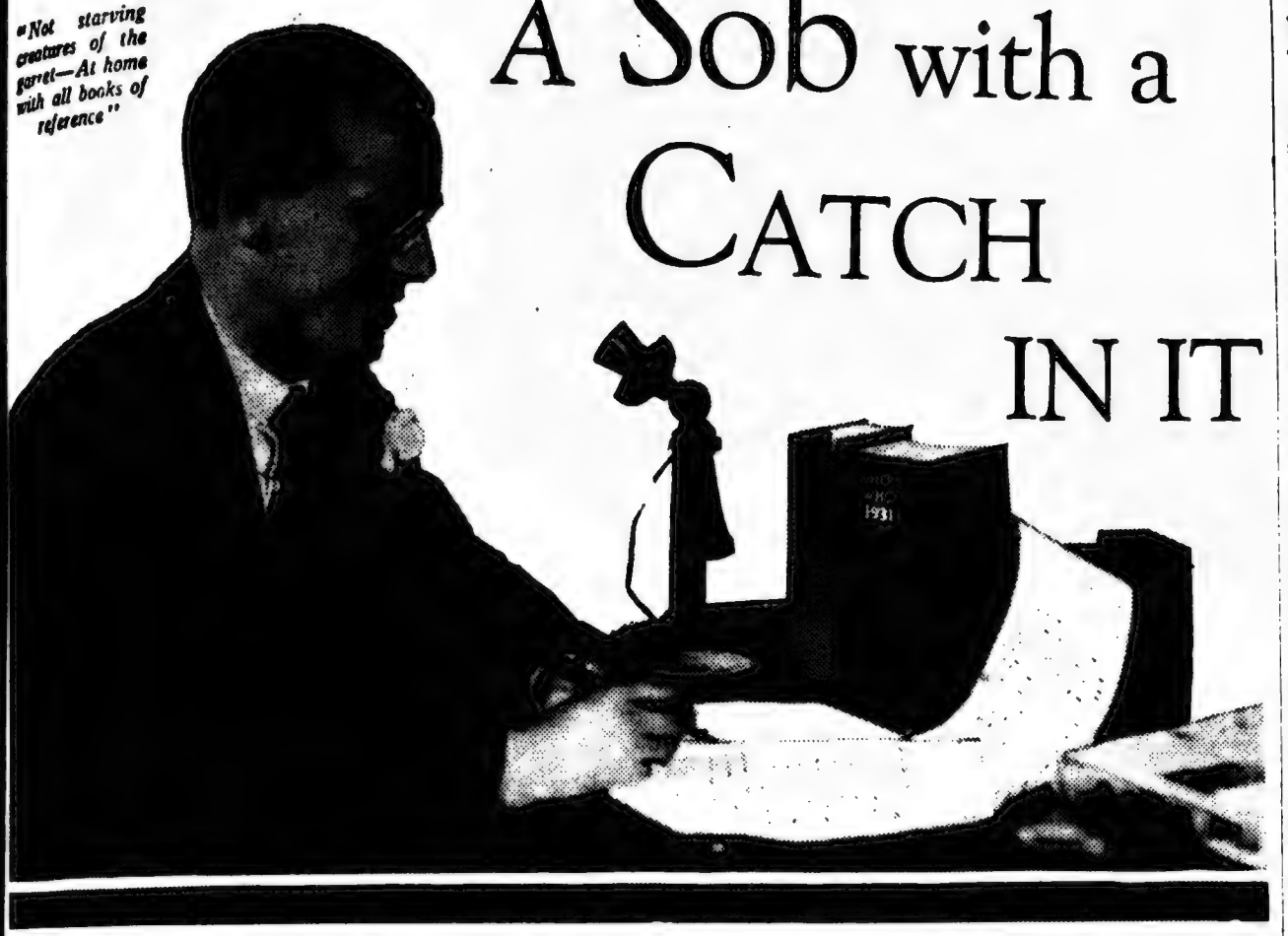
Terror-stricken, Dulcie saw through her kidnapper's headpiece that she was in the power of a man with half a moustache.

What happened to Dulcie when the "Infernal Triangle" had her in its clutches?

You will laugh until your sides ache at the extraordinary situations in "The Mystery of the Infernal Triangle." Ashley Sterne surpasses himself, and the amateur detective will never guess the unexpected ending.

You can bank on a hilarious Bank Holiday if you settle down with a copy of JOHN BULL'S Summer Holiday Annual. Put sixpence in the Bank of Happiness to-day and pick up a big return.

A Sob with a CATCH IN IT



"Not starving creatures of the garret—At home with all books of reference"

THE begging-letter industry is the most prosperous and the safest line of crook business in the kingdom. Share-pushers get penal servitude, but these meanest of all the players on the pathetic note seldom are caught.

Who are these champions of the persuasive pen? How do they live? And what are the tricks of their trade?

We can say at once that they are not poor, starving creatures of the garret. They are well-dressed, often well-housed people, who have been to good schools. Many of them lead blameless home lives and move in select circles without ever arousing suspicion.

Their neighbours may know them as "something in the City," or as retired business folk with "literary leanings."

Some even follow normal occupations as a blind, and more than double their incomes by writing begging-letters in their leisure moments.

One such case is known to us in which a man who was habitually appealing for "a little help" to provide "the bare necessities of life" actually resided in a smart villa near London and kept a maidservant.

He held a number of lucrative posts, but none of his working colleagues suspected his double life, though those who knew his official salary doubtless marvelled at his scale of living.

Sometimes begging-letter writers find it profitable to band together in order to launch an organised mass-attack upon the charitably disposed.

A campaign was planned on these lines in which the victims were selected from hospital matrons, schoolteachers and social and welfare workers in general.

ONE headmistress received a letter from a man who gave an address in Euston Road, London, and said that his little daughter had formerly been a pupil at the school in question.

The letter told in simple but pathetic language how the child and her sister had been killed in a street accident; how the father had passed through a long spell of unemployment, and how his little home was in imminent danger of being sold up.

The writer asked nothing for himself; but he would be eternally grateful for a little loan to enable him to give his beloved little ones a decent burial.

All the details relating to the child's schooling were correct, and without entertaining any suspicion the headmistress sent a liberal remittance.

Her sympathy was misapplied, for the address from which the heart-rending letter was supposed to have come was that of a district post-office.

And she was but one of a score of dupes who had been deceived in the same sort of manner, while the organised gang behind the scenes was impudently using various post-offices throughout London for accommodation addresses.

Though most people have received a begging-letter at some time or other, it is not realised how widespread this form of fraud has become.

One London society, which investigated nearly a thousand begging-letters in the course of a year, found that every other one was the work of a hardened impostor who was undeserving of assistance.

IN one instance it found the writer to be earning £300 a year from a normal source, while another was a woman whose husband, a solicitor, was earning more than £600 a year.

A business man, employing two clerks and a typist, sent out his appeals from his London office.

The expert begging-letter is often a literary gem in its way. It may even contain nothing but the truth. Then it is the cleverest of all.

Thus, the writer may say in doleful language that he has a large family; that the youngest is only two; that he is a widower; that the winter is coming on, and there are all these little bodies to clothe and all these little mouths to feed; that he is an ex-officer; that he hopes the recipient will offer him a little help.

Now, all these things, taken together, can easily be made to convey a picture of pathos, so that the reader will imagine that the poor widower is in dire straits and struggling against adversity.

So long as the writer refrains from disclosing that he has a comfortable home and a good income, he is on safe ground and is sure to elicit sympathy sooner or later.

One notorious cadger invariably makes a practice of appealing for money to buy surgical boots and appliances.

Were he equipped with all the boots and appliances he has asked for in recent years, he would be able to stock a whole surgical aid society.

Then there are the imaginative writers who are "everything by turn, but nothing long."

One day they will write as a widow mourning for her lost husband; the next they will assume the pose of an out-of-work husband watching beside his sick wife's bed.

Such "specialists" are thoroughly at home with all books of reference, and familiarise themselves with everything relating to the distinguished personages to whom their appeals are invariably addressed.

An imaginative writer who once came under our notice made the clergy his special victims, and used to pose as an old parishioner.

He would be careful to state that a good many years had elapsed since he had sat in his victim's congregation, but he would let drop references to local happenings to heighten the suggestion that he really had been one of the flock.

THE more persistent begging-letter writers gradually compile their own books of reference, for experience teaches, and they get to know the best people to approach—the people who, in their own parlance, are "easy."

One woman, whose persuasive pen has brought her in a comfortable income for years, was found with a book containing about two hundred names and addresses of members of the nobility when arrested a little while back.

The Charity Organisation Society has known this person for over thirty-four years, and she has been exceptionally active since the war. She has changed her address at least twenty-five times.

The easiest fraud in this season is the seaside holiday scheme for children. The public must be very careful about appeals of this sort.

Genuine charities suffer while these pests make a handsome living. The Charity Organisation Society and the London Mendicity Society are fighting them, and occasionally they bring offenders to book, but the greatest safeguard is the exercise of commonsense.

Do not ever reply to any begging-letter unless you know the writer or have some recommendation from a responsible, honest person.

Don't Hoard, but
Cash the Coupons!

Are you turning the JOHN BULL Pen Coupons into cash? See JOHN BULL's great new Pen Offer on page 30.

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., Ltd.

A DIFFICULT YEAR

Presiding at the 40th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., held on July 22nd at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bart. (chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, said:

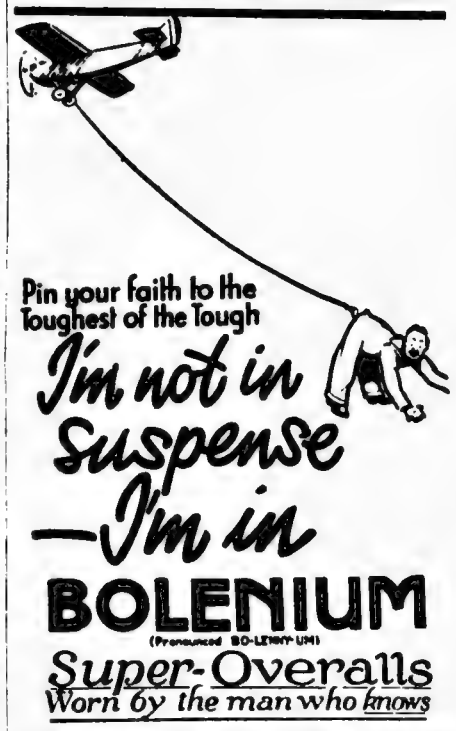
The year's results would undoubtedly have been infinitely less satisfactory but for our varied and widespread ramifications, which have yielded considerable revenue, notwithstanding a year of the most accentuated depression. Our subsidiary companies have done well considering the conditions prevailing. In fact, I think we may congratulate ourselves that we have done as well as we have done—(hear, hear)—and I hope that any disappointment that may be felt in regard to the figures in the profit and loss account will be more than counterbalanced by the satisfactory figures of the balance sheet.

The net profit for the year, after crediting dividends received, is £402,690, and, as shown in the account, includes a transfer from reserves. We have an available balance of £638,861, which includes £236,171 brought forward from the previous year.

Having regard to the general situation, your directors have felt that it is in the best interests of the company to reduce the total dividend to 7½ per cent., a decision which involves some sacrifice on the part of the shareholders, and I should like to add that both as a measure of economy and as contributing to the general sacrifices, we have put into effect a reduced scale of remuneration, varying up to 10 per cent., applicable to the whole organisation, other than those serving afloat, both of this company and its subsidiary and associated companies, and, of course, including the directors and managers.

The depression from which we are suffering has no single cause, and similarly has no single remedy. To my mind our troubles can largely be solved by confidence, in the same way as they are largely due to lack of confidence. With confidence restored the wheels of commerce would again commence to revolve and would gain impetus.

The report and accounts were adopted.


Pin your faith to the Toughest of the Tough
I'm not in Suspense —I'm in
BOLENIUM
(Pronounced BO-LEEN'-UM)
Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows

Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct:
BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.

HAD TO LEAVE OFF SHAVING

Irritating Rash on Face. Healed by Cuticura.

"In the early spring of this year my face broke out in a red rash which was very irritating. When I rubbed it with my fingers water used to come from it. I had to leave off shaving on account of it. The trouble lasted three weeks.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After the second application the irritation was relieved. I purchased more and after using them a fortnight I was completely healed." (Signed) P. J. Kerr, 21, Wellington Rd., Barnsbury, London, N. 7, Eng.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

"He Never Guessed the Secret!"

"You remember how worried I was because John seemed to be taking so much interest in that blonde? You were a true friend to tell me that it was probably because I was neglecting my complexion. Well I took your advice and started using powder with mousse of cream in it. That's only a week ago and last night John looked at me with that expression I had been missing—and said 'I'm so glad you've stopped using powder. Your own complexion is so beautiful without it.' He never realised that I had on this marvellous new powder! Then, he said that he had been annoyed because I used powder so frequently. He doesn't know that the reason I don't have to any more is because mousse of cream keeps the powder on all day long! And the ugly enlarged pores I used to have are all gone because mousse of cream prevents clogging and even acts as a skin tonic that stimulates the pores. I can't thank you enough for the secret—but don't ever give it to my rival!"

Note. Mousse of cream is blended by an exclusive patented process with Poudre Tokalon. Any woman may now have amazing new fresh beauty in spite of the worst cases of "shine." Try Poudre Tokalon and you will never need change powders again. The new Rachette shade (Dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. JB

Pain after Eating

JB **ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.**

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

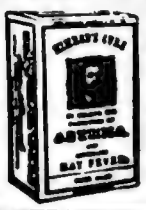
Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 108), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

ASTHMA



Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists. JB

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

The DANGEROUS *Parent* MENACE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

ONE hundred and sixty-seven Members of Parliament had the opportunity, last week, to behave like statesmen. Instead, they chose to behave like politicians, and, by refusing even a first reading to Major Church's Bill to legalise voluntary sterilisation for mental defectives, killed a measure of the utmost social importance.

Major Church and his seventy-seven enlightened supporters are evidently in advance of public opinion; but that is because public opinion is not conversant with the facts about the sweeping onrush of mental deficiency that is menacing the country.

They were defeated not by reasoned argument, but by prejudice, ignorance and, perhaps, in some instances, by a genuine belief that sterilisation cannot be reconciled with religious principle.

Mental deficiency breeds mental deficiency—that is the truth that public opinion has got to assimilate.

The result is that while the good stocks are taking care not to bring into the world more children than they can afford to bring up and educate, our worst stocks—from the slums and the underworld of our towns and cities—are reproducing their like without let or hindrance.

Bad stock grows

In the last twenty years the number of feeble-minded has more than doubled, and, according to the latest figures of the Joint Committee of the Board of Education and the Board of Control, we now have at least 340,000 mental deficients in our midst.

And to this immense volume of bad stock we can add at least 150,000 notified insane.

It is clearly a problem that needs facing unflinchingly by all who care for the future of their country. The consequences of failing to face it are crime, delinquency, degeneracy, poverty, vagrancy and immorality.

It is not as though we were being asked to take a leap in the dark. For many years some twenty-three American States have enforced laws dealing with the sterilisation of the feeble-minded, and their operation has been distinctly beneficial.

It is time we too fell into line.

The damage that mental deficiency can do if allowed to run unchecked is well illustrated by some classic studies that scientists have made of it.

There was, for instance, the now famous Jukes family. It comprised the progeny of five notorious sisters and ran to 709 individuals.

Of these there were 180 who had received poorhouse care or outdoor relief, there were 140 criminals, 60 habitual thieves, 50 common prostitutes, and 40 women who were suffering from sexual disease.

The investigator estimated that this family had, in seventy-five years, cost the State at least half a million pounds.

Another family, the Kallikaks, springing from two feeble-minded parents, had 480 descendants, included in which were 36 illegitimate children, 33 prostitutes, 24 confirmed alcoholics, 3 epileptics, 3 confirmed criminals, 8 keepers of houses of ill-fame, and 82 who died in infancy.

There have been many other similar investigations, all showing like results. It is not a pleasant picture to contemplate.

We spend in this country some £300,000,000 every year to alleviate sickness or institute health measures of one form or another; but in addition to this we spend at least £150,000,000 a year on simply maintaining the mentally diseased.

Just how much our lack of social control is costing us can be seen from an account recently given of two sisters in one of our best-known asylums:

"They are speechless, useless, apathetic idiots, only capable of meaningless movements, and of making inarticulate noises and screaming fits. They have no interest in anything whatever—yet they have already cost the ratepayers some £3,000 each, and are likely to cost as much again."

Lives not shattered

Sterilisation is not sufficiently understood by public opinion. It is not sufficiently realised that, apart from its being a minor operation, it results in nothing except the power of reproduction being taken away, and does not affect the emotional life of the patient in the slightest degree.

And it is not sufficiently realised that the alternative to sterilisation—if a national disaster is to be averted—is segregation, the cost of which would stagger a chartered accountant to compute.

A great many of the feeble-minded, once their capacity to transmit their mental disease is removed, are as able as anyone to make a reasonable attempt at living a social life with a little supervision.

One result of a national facing-up to this problem would be to depopulate a good many of our homes and institutions that are now used more for giving jobs to a lot of superfluous officials than for curing anything.

Looking at life behind bars when she might be free

Empty the asylums!

JOHN BULL has for years exposed the tyranny of the Board of Control, has shown again and again the number of victims it keeps incarcerated behind stone walls with little or no justification—victims who could be released to-morrow if it was made legal to remove from them the capacity for transmitting their fatal taint.

The Board of Control might not like it—but I don't know that anyone else would be greatly alarmed.

If it is put on no higher grounds, it is economically foolish to confine within the walls of an institution, at considerable public expense, many strong and perfectly able-bodied persons who might well be allowed to earn their livings in the world at the cost of a trivial operation.

It happens also to be inhuman. That, however, is not an argument that is at all likely to appeal to the Board of Control.

It really seems difficult, when one knows something of the facts, to imagine a House of Commons so far removed from reality as to refuse to pass a Bill for the sterilisation of the genuinely mentally deficient.

Sooner or later we shall have to make up our minds to face this situation without any sentimental nonsense: for we have come to a state of things that cries aloud for sterilisation as the only remedy for the evils that mental deficiency brings in its train.

We have to prevent mental deficients from propagating more mental deficients, and there is no other way to do it.

The argument always brought against this proposal is that it is a dangerous and unwarrantable interference with personal liberty.

Would it be any greater interference than the interference indulged in every day by the feeble-minded themselves? The police-courts all over the country provide more than sufficient evidence to show how great that interference is.

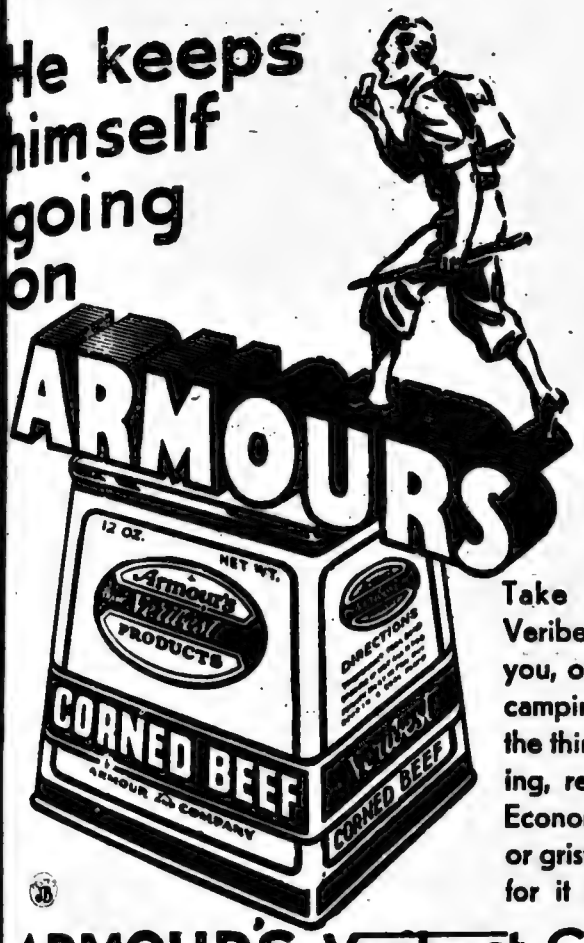
Holidays Made Safe

JOHN BULL readers who are registered under our Great Free Family Insurance Gift are still covered whilst away on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands or the Isle of Man.

The only condition is that they arrange with their newsagent to reserve JOHN BULL for them, failing which, in the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to commence delivery on their return.

Those who have still to register will find forms on page 30.

He keeps himself going on ARMOUR'S



Take some Armour's Veribest Corned Beef with you, on walking tours or camping expeditions. Just the thing for tasty, nourishing, ready-cooked meals. Economical too. No bone or gristle. Ask your grocer for it to-day in small tins.

ARMOUR'S Veribest Corned Beef

ASK FOR ARMOUR'S OX TONGUES, THE "VERIBEST" YOU CAN BUY

SNAP with SELO!

ALL the sparkle and colour tones of Summer will brighten your prints if you use Selo film. Selo is so fast that the most difficult subjects will come out perfectly, so sensitive that even an inexpensive camera will give perfect snaps.

SELO THE FAST FILM

THERE IS A SELO FILM FOR EVERY SIZE AND MAKE OF CAMERA.

BRITISH MADE

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE SELO BOOKLET, "THE TRIUMPH OF THE SELO FILM." USE SELO FILM FOR YOUR COMPETITION SNAPS AND INCREASE YOUR CHANCE OF SUCCESS.

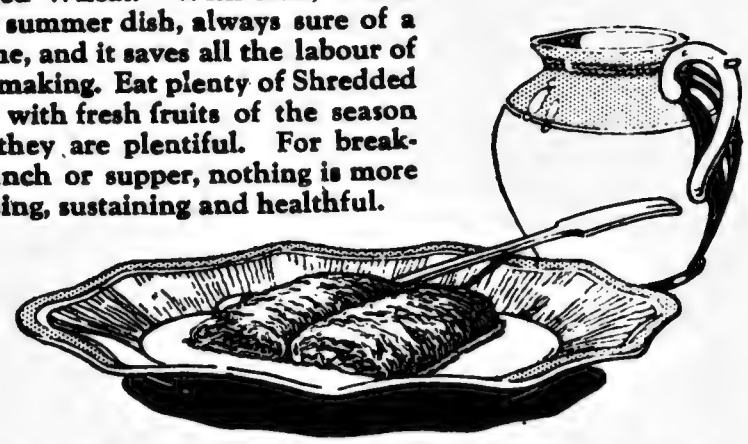
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Currants are cheap

—enjoy them this way!

STEWED, sweet, juicy black currants and the refreshingly tart red currants go so well with Shredded Wheat. Make the most of them; serve them often this way, either for breakfast or as a luncheon sweet.

All the nourishing food elements of *whole* wheat are made digestible in Shredded Wheat. With fruit, it is a perfect summer dish, always sure of a welcome, and it saves all the labour of pastry making. Eat plenty of Shredded Wheat with fresh fruits of the season while they are plentiful. For breakfast, lunch or supper, nothing is more appetising, sustaining and healthful.



SHREDDED WHEAT

FREE GIFT DISHES: Send, with your name and address, 50 "Dish-ends" cut from packets, and two dishes, oblong shape to hold one Shredded Wheat and milk, will be sent you carriage paid. Alternatively you may choose cup, saucer and plate of the same design. (Abbey Pattern.) Address: (Dept. 26), The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS

"Miss....."

Do You want to become "Mrs....."?

Thousands have enlarged pores and do not know it. Every enlarged pore is due to irritation. Unless you get rid of skin pore irritation, foreign matter collects, and the consequence is unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, sallow darkened colour and coarse rough skin.

NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS

Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour (non-greasy), now contains a marvellous new soft, creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with prodigested dairy cream and olive oil. It is tonic, astringent and nourishing—penetrates instantly, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Keeps the driest skin fresh and delicately moist but not greasy. Equally adapted to take off the shine from an oily skin or sleek shiny nose.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning. Many an attractive proposal of marriage has been inspired by a lovely soft white skin and beautiful complexion. White 1/- and 1/6. Rose 1/3 and 2/-.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53-S.V.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Roll yours with

AG PAPER

More and more smokers are using A.G.

There are good reasons.

The COWARD'S WAY in a Family Calamity

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d.

WHEN a girl at school I became passionately attached to another girl about my own age. When the time came for leaving we both took a solemn vow that nothing should interrupt our friendship.

When I fell in love my friend was told before my own parents. I knew of her engagement before the ring was on her finger.

We both married professional men, and when I heard that my friend's first home was to be in the cathedral town where I lived, I was overjoyed.

The first years of married life were happy for both of us. In particular my friend's husband was very successful. They lived in an old manor-house on the outskirts of the town, and kept it up in style.

When a family arrived, the number of servants increased, while I and my husband, with our two children, had to cut down expenses.

It was at a ball that I first noticed my friend, now middle-aged, looking careworn and worried. Her two daughters, lovely girls, wore dresses that were obviously home-made. Her two sons looked as though they were growing rather dissipated.

In a quiet corner she suddenly burst into tears, and began to confide that her husband had changed.

"I have no reason to think that my husband is earning less money," she said, "but he must have some terribly secret worry. Instead of having enough to keep house on comfortably I have to cut down everything. Look at the girls. I had thoughts of keeping them away from this function; they look so terribly home-made."

I sympathised, but thought that any man in a big position might be suffering in these days from financial stress. Now, in a terrible and startling way, I have had my eyes opened.

Middle-class people in our district are in the habit of making shopping visits to a large manufacturing town about sixty miles away. I and my husband often go there by car.

WHILE on one of these jaunts I found myself strolling in a residential part on the outskirts and noticed a family at tea on a lawn.

There was a pretty young woman, with two or three small children. All of them were delightfully dressed and evidently on the outlook "for father's return."

While I looked the gate opened and in walked — my friend's husband. There was no possible mistake about the relationship in which the man stood to the family, and subsequent enquiries left the matter in no doubt.

My first startled thought was that the man was a bigamist. But a shopkeeper whom I asked about the family showed the matter in a different light.

When I referred to the name of the house and asked who lived there, he looked non-committal, but replied:

"A bit of a mystery, madam. . . . She calls herself Mrs. So-and-so; but that's as may be. . . . I've heard the gentleman is a married man—doesn't get on with his rightful wife or something."

I felt sick at the perfidy of a man whom everybody in our city respects as a foremost citizen and leader in every good work.

Was I to tell my girlhood's friend or not? Here, quite obviously, is the secret of her estranged relationship with her husband and the terrible limitations of her income.

If nothing is done to stop the miserable thing, her husband may even end by leaving the bulk of his fortune to this woman and her family.

My husband says my duty is to forget what I have discovered. But what will my friend think my friendship is worth if she ever hears the truth and knows that I withheld it from her?

"HUMANIST" says: Your husband is a moral coward. Certainly you must tell your friend. The position is preposterous, and no one could desire it to continue.

Courts exist to deal with such a situation as this. The woman can demand divorce and obtain proper provision.

The will is another matter, but Parliament is now considering legislation to protect disinherited wives.

HALF A MAN
and a virago

SIX years ago I had the terrible misfortune to lose my wife. I was left with two small children, a boy aged five-and-a-half years and a tiny girl of two.

This necessitated my engaging a housekeeper. I advertised, and engaged the woman who is now my second wife.

From the first I entrusted her with the spending of the housekeeping money, and for nineteen months all went so well that I felt justified in asking her to marry me.

The moment the knot was tied she turned from being a decent helpmeet into a woman of the worst kind. She has made my domestic life hell. The worst is her treatment of my little girl now just turned eight.

Her attitude suggests an almost murderous hatred of the child. Every penny she can lay hands upon she spends on herself. She simply will not buy the children shoes and clothes.

Sometimes she beats them, especially the girl, until they are black and blue.

On more than one occasion when I have been at work the neighbours have sent for the inspector because of the screams that they heard.

When I took her to task my wife retorted with a stream of abuse, and said that she wished both the "nuisances" were under the ground, as she would "like nothing better than to dance on their graves."

The law does not seem to recognise conduct of this kind as ground for divorce, so I shall be glad to know if there is anything you can recommend me to do.

"HUMANIST" says: You seem to be only half a man. If you are such a weakling that you dare not handle the matter yourself, lay a complaint with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Your final remedy is complete separation.

STICKY FINGERS
in the cupboard

MY lodgings are with a nice young couple whose children are quiet and well behaved and give no trouble. I am an old man with just sufficient to live on.

I am so comfortable that it would break my heart to leave, and yet I am not sure that I can stay.

Once a week my landlady goes off shopping, leaving me in charge. Sometimes I even mind the baby for her; and am, I may say, a safer nurse than her eldest, a boy of twelve.

But lately, every time she returns she finds small sums of money missing from the cupboard where she keeps a tiny hoard.

I have more than once caught the boy at the cupboard and, though he gave a reasonable explanation of what he was looking for, I feel certain he was taking money, yet I have no proof of his theft.

On the other hand, though nothing has been said, I find my landlady laying little traps for me, such as leaving a shilling about when she goes out, and she often looks at me very queerly.

What must I do? I can hardly accuse the boy of theft which I cannot prove. On the other hand, if I change my lodgings I am bound to leave with a very nasty cloud of suspicion over my head.

"HUMANIST" says: Tell your landlady that when she leaves home her eldest son is often at the cupboard, and ask if he has her permission for this.

In any case, people who leave money lying about in odd corners cannot grumble very much if some of it goes astray.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Pain's Tragic Climax

THIS photograph of mother and child was taken four years ago. The little chap is now five years old, and he has a brother aged eight.

"Were happy then"

They and their dad were happy then, for their mother was with them and all seemed well. Dad also was in work.

He was granted a pension on his discharge from the Army in September, 1918, through failing eyesight.

Like many another ex-Service man, he made the mistake of accepting a lump sum in settlement of his pension, and now he has nothing and is out of work.

Great pain and misery came to his wife, who, for some years, had suffered from neuritis in the head and insomnia, which so weighed down her spirits with acute depression that recently, her husband states, "She left our happy home and drowned herself."

"I have two small boys to rear," he adds pathetically, "and I have been out of work for over three years."

A little financial assistance to help in the rearing of his boys would tend to soften this ex-Service man's tragic blow, and for this we make an appeal to our readers, who are ever quick to show "kindness in another's trouble" when opportunity is provided.

* * *

Donations, whether for this family or not, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post.

Lists of subscriptions can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

Nice to Chew— & Healthy too!

BLUE skies! A dusty road . . . but Beech-Nut Chewing Gum to add pleasure and health to each succeeding mile. If, by chance, *you* haven't tried Beech-Nut, you've missed *the finest chewing gum made.* Delicate tips of selected *peppermint* give Beech-Nut its cool, delicious flavour—a flavour lasting and refreshing.

Doctors and dentists agree, too, that Beech-Nut is good for teeth, for digestion. Leading athletes endorse it.

You can't buy a better packet of health and pleasure for a penny. Why not try Beech-Nut to-day?

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On sale at shops and automatic machines everywhere.

BEECH·NUT

CHEWING GUM

THE COOL FLAVOUR OF PEPPERMINT

It is the fact-

——that two good meals a day of Spratt's crisp, meaty biscuits or pure, nourishing meals—given regularly at fixed times—will improve your dog's—and any dog's—health; increase his strength; "condition," his appearance, and give him a new sense of the joy of living.

Think what these things must mean to a dog and buy

SPRATT'S

OVALS

Sold by 30,000 dealers in original, branded Bags, Cartons and Packets, also loose, by the Pound.

Write to-day for free copy of Spratt's "Guide to Dog Management."
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Thoroughly Revised and Up-To-Date. Many New and Important Features. INTRODUCTION by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Alington, D.D., Headmaster of Eton.

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and DEFINITIONS OF OVER 150,000 WORDS.

K.D. writes: "The K.E.D. is the envy of all my friends. It is a miniature encyclopædia, worth its weight in gold."

WON £250.

Mr. L. A. B.—"I have recently won a prize of £250 in a Crossword Competition with the aid of the 'King's English Dictionary.'"

THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

for young men and women, giving a survey of the professions and indicating the nature of the work, the qualifications required with full directions for obtaining further information. The text has been submitted and passed by the recognised official body or society in each profession.

Send To-day for FIVE DAYS' Free Examination!

Messrs. BRITISH BOOKS, LTD.,
86, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day, or if I desire to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of **2 6**, and then 12 further monthly payments of **2 6** to complete the price of **32 6**. (Cash price, 31/-).

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW X-WORD OFFER

EASY TO ENTER—NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

TWO BIG PRIZES THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE £500

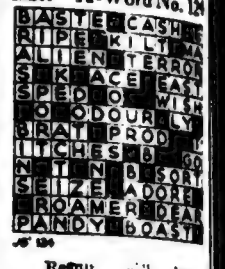
RUNNERS-UP DIVIDE £250

HERE is "John Bull's" Great NEW Crossword offer of TWO BIG PRIZES THIS WEEK. £500 for the winner, and £250 to be divided between the runners-up. Enter this fair and square contest, in which a little skill may win a large cash prize. This novel offer will spur you with fresh enthusiasm. Don't hesitate—but ENTER AT ONCE—you may capture a substantial cheque.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one square, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £250 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 13th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 20th.

Winners in X-Word No. 125 appear on page 38.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 124



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 124 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for Two Squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us **not later than NOON, Thursday, August 6th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms (Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, August 20th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £500 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, September 1st,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £250 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE / With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 126

JB 126. *DO NOT CUT HERE*

JB 126.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 6th

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A workman.
4. Sometimes done to fish before it's sold.
9. Before.
11. Refer to.
13. Women warriors.
15. Refined pig fat.
16. Untruth.
17. Pull
19. Sun-bathers liable to become.
21. Moisture from the air.
23. Go by.
25. Costly.
27. Sign of disuse.
31. Cut off.
34. Third month.
36. An age.
37. Pronoun denoting persons.
39. Heroic poem.
40. Call of a dove.
41. Corners a wild animal.
42. What we provide for dogs.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Coal is sometimes this.
2. Part of the body.
3. Careful person is usually.
5. Demolished.
6. A yard and a quarter
7. Refers to two.
8. Something which divides.
10. Often seen on faces.
12. Toys children love.
14. Nothing.
18. Married.
20. What spoilt prize-fighter's appearance
22. Not dry.
23. Shove.
24. Precipitons.
26. Large body of armed men.
28. Leather worker makes these.
29. Often found in vest pocket.
30. One you can't help noticing.
32. Ascend.
33. "——— shalt not."
35. Tooth of a wheel.
38. Long period of time.
39. The self-conscious subject.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 126

JB 126. *DO NOT CUT HERE*

JB 126.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 6th

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 126), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

D. (Lanark).—"It is better to give to lend." It costs about the same he end.

W. (Fulham).—"The modern girl is rapped up in herself." She doesn't do it otherwise.

N. (Letchworth).—"I had a fit of ession when I wrote this." How ful to pass it on to us.

A. M. (Barnstaple).—"I think any can drive a car after a few lessons." you just had your tuition?

N. (Grendon).—"A smart woman hold her own at any society func- " Except in the case of her tongue.

T. (St. Albans).—"Animals suffer just as we do." Then any giraffe tonsilitis has our deepest sym- y.

A. (Reading).—"Why don't doctors ite against the sale of certain patent licines?" Because they are clever gh to know what makes so y patients require their ser- .

W. (Lancaster).—"I have horns fitted on my car." toss your pedestrians.

ICHAEL (Torquay).—"I win day and lose the next at s." Why don't you play y other day?

R. (Ilsley).—"I am pleased ay that I have walked into a une." Mind you don't run ough it.

S. (Dundee).—"A golfing nd spent twenty hours on the s without a break." Did he the ball?

M. (Finchley).—"Many per- ers clench something tightly their hands while they are ing." So does the audience often.

N. (Exeter).—"I have in- ted a robot typewriter which ks at an exceptionally high d." Yes, but can it make a nt cup of tea?

N. (Thorpe).—"Are you in ur of the proceedings at the se of Commons being broad- ?" No, we get enough depressions Iceland as it is.

G. (Dublin).—"A new method of ening the beard is to massage the with ice." This treatment has long unpopular amongst amateur ers.

F. (Ilford).—"Gardening soothes nerves and calms the emotions." Ex- , of course, when the gardener finds some small boys have been raiding apple-trees.

Y. (Watford).—"A very small wire- set bought for my boy merely as a picked up the London Regional gramme fifteen miles away." This uld serve as a warning to jesters.

T. (Coatbridge).—"In some Eastern ntries it is the custom for the bride deliver a long speech at the wedding mony." Over here, she doesn't do sort of thing until after the honey- n.

HORUS GIRL (Brixton).—"After all, don't sing for ourselves, but for the dic." We can quite understand that would never think of singing some the songs we have heard for your private amusement.

Mrs. L. (Putney).—"The first thing at the sale that struck my eye was a pair of gloves." We've been to sales like that.

S. D. H. (East Ham).—"I cannot think of a new name for my cat." Doubtless your neighbour can oblige.

T. S. (Falkirk).—"There is as much warmth from a good apple as from sitting over a coal-fire." We've had coal like that.

DOCTOR (Glasgow).—"Blinking is a sign of nervousness." Or an indication that the sufferer's seaside landlady has just presented her bill.

KATHLEEN (Westcliff).—"Why do some people throw stones into the water at the seaside?" It may be their only chance of making a "splash."

T. R. (Clacton).—"I specialise in catering for the needs of garden parties and outdoor fêtes." You must have a large stock of umbrellas and mackintoshes.

J. A. (Aldershot).—"A mouse ran across the stage while a prima donna was singing in a recent opera." We understand her high notes were a revelation to the critics.

C. T. (Doncaster).—"Only once in my life have I put a shilling on a horse." What luck!

P. C. (London, W.).—"And a flash of lightning revealed the burglar." He was taken by storm.

S. L. (Chorley Wood).—"He patted me on the back so violently that it left a bruise." A mark of esteem.

G. D. (Manchester).—"An aviator who is flying round Britain landed here today." Engine trouble, we suppose.

B. P. (Harrow).—"I saw the laughing hyena at the Zoo last week, but it didn't laugh." It may have seen you before.

T. P. (Colchester).—"I can't remember whether I sent my new photograph last week or not." We wish we could forget about it so quickly.

V. K. (Ipswich).—"The twentieth anniversary of my wedding is next week, and I am thinking of killing my fattest chicken." Let the poor thing live; it didn't have anything to do with it.

T. M. (Doncaster).—"There's no rest for the wicked, they say." And often there's no arrest, either.

JAMES S. (Hampstead).—"When do hotel waiters go to bed?" Just after we have given our order, we fancy.

LONELY LADY (Crewe).—"I would like to write to people about my own age." Are you so anxious they should know it?

P. S. (Ely).—"The average man hates to be seen carrying an umbrella." Well, the chances are it isn't his, anyway.

S. A. (Slough).—"I suffer so much from stage fright on a first night that I often forget my lines." In some plays this is an advantage.

CRITIC (London, E.C.).—"Many successful playwrights do their work without taking meals." So do many unsuccessful playwrights.

JEWELLER (London, W.).—"More and more people are having their ears pierced." So many of us have neighbours with wireless sets.

H. L. (Epsom).—"What becomes of the furniture that is too old even for poor people?" It is kept a few more years until it is old enough for rich people.

T. F. (Amersham).—"A foreign broadcast lecturer began his talk in English by saying 'Good-night.'" We wish some lecturers would do the same thing in this country.

D. R. (Sutton).—"A London messenger boy has just completed a walking tour of Wales." It is denied, however, that he was taking the parcel from Piccadilly to the Strand.

D. W. (Dorking).—"I have a carpet with an area of 1,200 square feet. Can any of your readers beat that?" We think a steam cleaner would be able to deal with it far better.

SARAH (Bath).—"My boy, who is a postman, takes me for very long walks three times a week. Do you think he is serious?" He must be, to take all that additional exercise.

B. P. (Acton).—"The bad manners of some people who arrive late at the theatre are very annoying." The conduct of those who don't come at all annoys managers still more.

W. H. (Weymouth).—"When are you going to offer Radio Gramophones as prizes again?" There's one on page 31, with £1,000 and a Motor-car thrown in.

P. J. (Yeovil).—"A talkie film on the life of Sir Walter Raleigh is to be made in America." Doubtless Queen Elizabeth will say at the end of the cloak-spreading scene, "Keep your shirt on, Wal!"

C. K. (Devizes).—"The overhead railway authorities in America invite passengers to express their opinion of the service." We know a railway over here which doesn't need to issue such an invitation.

R. C. M. (London, E.).—"An open-air address by a well-known M.P. had to be abandoned on account of a fierce thunderstorm." Nature happened to be in one of her more benevolent moods that day.

DOCTOR (Swansea).—"Those who have a tendency to be depressed in the morning can cure themselves by singing in their bath." Perhaps someone will now suggest a cure for those who have a tendency to sing in their bath.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

SHOTGUN DEGREE (Detective Story):—"A UNIFORM rapped on the respectfully and came in."

AMINER T.T. SPECIAL:—"The swim- race between the A.C.U. and Press ch is annually DISORGANISED."

NFERMLINE PRESS:—"The result that she let fall a saucer which she in the act of DRIVING."

IMSBY DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"There a good attendance, and the girls a delightful presentation of 'Daddy Eggs.'"

AVESEND AND DARTFORD REPORTER:— e Theatre Royal, Chatham, will soon the finest and latest 'talkie' ."

DGE TIMES:—"It is not wise, how- to go to bed with an empty ach unless you make a PICTURE

CAMBERLEY NEWS AND BAGSHOT OBSERVER:—"The winners of the various competitions were: Shooting, Mr. ——, joint of BEER."

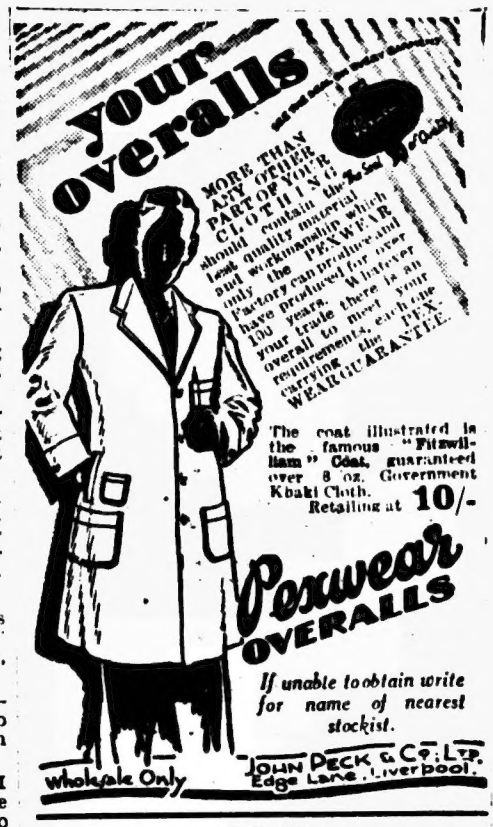
GREENOCK TELEGRAPH:—"Schemes for facilitating the removal of workers and their DEFENDANTS from one place to another."

WAR STORIES:—"Later he came to and found himself in von Hase's arms. A row of eight dead men lay strung along the deck and HE WAS ONE OF THEM."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"The defence coastal batteries will fire salutes to be returned by the BUNS on the *Norfolk* and *Dorsetshire*."

HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"The attraction will be the visit of the Leeds ladies' cricket team to oppose the all INQUIRING Halifax Ladies' Eleven."

ESSEX CHRONICLE:—"The enclosure being illuminated with fairy LAMBS."


your overalls
MORE THAN ANY OTHER PART OF YOUR CLOTHING should contain the best quality material and workmanship which only the PEXWEAR Factory can produce and have produced for over 100 years. Whatever your trade there is an overall to meet your requirements, each one carrying the PEX-WEARGUARANTEE.
The coat illustrated is the famous "Fitzwilliam" Coat, guaranteed over 8 oz. Government Khaki Cloth. Retailing at 10/-
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If unable to obtain write for name of nearest stockist.
Wholesale Only
JOHN PECK & Co. LTD. Edge Lane, Liverpool.

Post your Films to Will R Rose the Specialist
Prints that excel at standard prices—Velvet or Glossy surfaces as desired.
WILL R. ROSE does them quickly and best, and gives helpful advice.
You need not pay in advance.
This guarantees your satisfaction and his efficiency.
Unique Service & experience.
Write for Illustrated List J R and Safety Postal Wrapper. Ask about the new "Magna Print" (the print that is magnified). It's wonderful for small negatives.
CHESTER: 23, Bridge Street Row. OXFORD: 153 154, High Street. CHELTENHAM: 25, Promenade. And over 60,000 receiving stations, your nearest pillar-box one of them.

GENUINE PURE BEER at 1½D PER PINT
BAMBROO' BEER
Made at Home from VIGGORMALT
A Highly Concentrated Extract of
MALT & HOPS ONLY
YEAST SUPPLIED FREE
NO MILLING MASHING BOILING OR FILTERING
Obtainable through Boots, Taylors, all Chemists & Grocers.
1/- Trial Tin Makes 1 Gallon.
2/6 Tin Makes 3 Gallons.
5/6 Tin Makes 8 Gallons.
8/- Tin Makes 13 Gallons.
Prices for U.K. only. Colonial and Foreign Postage extra.
If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. direct to:—
VIGGORMALT LIMITED, (Dept. 4D), Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON
WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a
15/- Free Gift Coupon
will be given to all who
Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.
FROM £3 15 0 CASH OR TERMS
Chas. T. Robey
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

IF YOU WANT MONEY YOU WANT 'EVERYBODY'S'

Man who won in one minute more than he could have earned in 20 years.

CARPENTER'S £4,200 COMPETITION PRIZE

"Everybody's Weekly" is the paper which all who want money should have. If you want proof of this read the romantic account which seems like a dream come true, but was the actual experience of a carpenter named Mr. John Irvine, of 55, Broomlands Street, Paisley, a man of middle age, earning no more than £3 10s. a week, who went in for "John Bull's" Bullets and won £4,200. In one minute thus he won more than he could have earned in twenty years. He is an enthusiastic reader of "EVERYBODY'S," as is also Mrs. A. Humphries, a helpless widow, who only last week won the "Bullets" prize of £1,000. Do you want to win the "Bullets" prize of £1,500 on offer now? Do you want "John Bull's" Crossword prize of £1,000? Then get "EVERYBODY'S," which has assisted thousands to win big money prizes in newspaper competitions, and can help you, too. EVERY competition is solved by experts. In addition, "EVERYBODY'S" you will find, is packed with bright and interesting reading, jokes, pictures, short stories, FREE legal advice and medical advice, pages for women, prizes for children, and exclusive Racing notes and selections by "Dewsman," whose long-priced winners are the talk of the racing world. Go and buy a copy NOW. It's only twopence and the whole family will be delighted.

Everybody's

The Popular Weekly

EVERYWHERE. 36 BIG PAGES 2d.

£1,000

And 47 Holiday Cheques Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 123.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £333 6s. 8d. will be despatched:—

C. H. Cherley, 49, Parry Street, Tylerstown, Glam.

A. Gargon, 104, Bolling Street, Bradford, Yorks.

Mrs. C. Timberlake, 121, Lansdowne Road, Cardiff.

Any entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £1,000 and does not appear above must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 11th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Holiday awards of £2 to every Runner-up in Crossword No. 123. The 47 prizes have been won by 47 competitors, from each of whom a solution containing two errors only was received. A list of the 47 winners can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices, and all have been notified.

Another big Crossword, with £500 first prize and £250 to be divided for runners-up, appears on Page 28. Try your skill now!

It will cost you nothing all next week

USE THE COUPON

Afterwards your chemist has big 1s. 3d. tubes waiting for you, with a cap that you can't lose.

A well-kept mouth!

As manicure is to the nails, so is 'denticure' with Euthymol Tooth Paste to the toilet of the mouth.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

COUPON. Send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which I have not yet tried.

Name.....

Address.....

To Euthymol, Dept. 67S. 50 Beak Street, London, W.1

Young LIMBS that *flirt* with Danger

RUNNING, jumping, skipping, climbing . . . young limbs are scarcely ever still . . . until one day, Nature rebels—there is a slip, a fall and some youngster is laid up with a broken limb. Then, if mother is a registered reader she can call on "John Bull" for a cheque under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift. If not, she has only vain regrets that she failed to sign the forms.

We give below the names of a few parents who have received cheques recently on account of Children's accidents.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS—£5 EACH.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. R. Belenger, 87, Cannon St., Shirley.
BACUP.—Mrs. L. Boyden, 6, Plantation St., Stacksteads.
CO. DURHAM.—Mr. H. Cawman, 2, Ramsey St., Chester-le-Street.
CO. DURHAM.—Mr. W. Ford, 5, Cross Plantation, Trimdon Grange.
STAFFORD.—Mr. T. Walker, 405, Pye Green Rd., Cannock.
HELENSBURGH.—Mr. R. Watt, 41, East Clyde St.
BELLINGHAM, S.E.6.—Mr. A. A. Sinclair, 4, Farmstead Rd.
NR. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. F. Cross, 14, Woodthorpe Rd., Shuttlewood.
CARM.—Mr. J. Griffiths, Gellyglyd, Drefach, Llanelly.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. C. Garvey, 44, Wordsworth St., Bootle.
SURREY.—Mr. G. Ford, 20, Laud St., Croydon.
BELFAST.—Mrs. E. Livingston, 15, Ranelagh St., Ravenhill Ave.
CARM.—Mr. S. Jones, Brickyard, Furnace, Llanelly.
WILTS.—Mr. A. Sutton, 25, North End, Calne.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. S. Ellison, 90, Greig St., Dingle.
LONDON, E.3.—Mrs. D. Sullivan, Medhurst Rd., Bow.
GLASGOW.—Mr. H. Carson, 95, White St., Govan.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. E. Jacques, 31, Pickard St., Millfield.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. C. E. Lake, 18, Beaconsfield St.,
GATESHEAD.—Mr. T. M. Nesbitt, 5, Makepeace Terr., Springwell.
SCOTLAND.—Mrs. J. B. Hope, 37, Patriothall Bldgs., Edinburgh.
CHESHIRE.—Mrs. S. Millington, 1, Cumberland St., Northwich.
LEEDS.—Mrs. M. Middlebrook, 3, Great Northern St., Morley.
SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. J. R. Tregate, Potter Brompton, Gaton.
CUMBERLAND.—Mr. W. R. Graham, 23, Queen St., Maryport.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. F. Kennedy, 20, Mansfield Ave., Blackley.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. Nightingale, 24, Factory St., Middleton.
CO. DURHAM.—Mr. T. M. Reed, 1, Cornforth Lane, Coxhoe, S.O.
HANTS.—Mr. W. Frampton, 19, Oakland Tce., Whitchurch.
PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mrs. L. Jones, 39, Denmark St., Barking Rd.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. H. M. Shaw, 861, Sheffield Rd., Sheepbridge.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 1/8/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

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Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 1/8/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

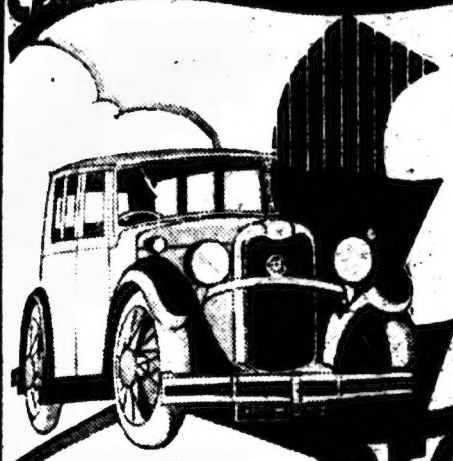
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

CAR, FORTUNE AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE FOR A BULLET



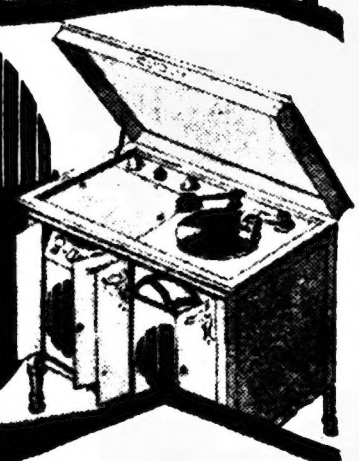
THIS £210 "SINGER" MOTOR-CAR

will be added to winner's £1,000. A luxurious Sunshine Saloon. But cheap to run, easy to drive and fully equipped.

£1,000

RECORD AUGUST FIRST

IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM TO £1,000, CAR AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE, PAYMENT OF £1,200 WILL BE ALLOWED



THIS FINE "EDISON BELL" RADIO GRAMOPHONE

—will also be added to winner's £1,000. Wireless or Gramophone Records at the touch of a switch—no electric mains required.

£100 2ND PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5
25 PRIZES OF £1
500 PRIZES OF 2/6

10 PRIZES OF £210
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
10,000 "TARGETS"

£50 3RD PRIZE

THREE-FOLD PRIZE FOR A FEW WORDS

HOWEVER the weather may behave, August is bringing a supply of sunshine for some "Bulleteers." Here before you is the most sensational prize ever offered at this time of year—a three-in-one First consisting of cheque for £1,000, a £210 "Singer" Motor-car and an "Edison Bell" Radio Gramophone.

Imagine yourself the winner of this astonishing reward for a few well-chosen words. Unlimited music in your home, unlimited miles of care-free motoring, money at the bank almost unlimited too—these can all be yours!

See for yourself how absorbing this making of *Bullets* can be. You have only to select one of the *Examples* on this page and add to it TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment, serious or humorous according to your mood.

For instance, if you select the *Example* MATCH FOR HER, you might add the words HE WASN'T—HENCE MATCH and so complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start making your own *Bullets*, study the phrasing of the winning efforts below. And remember the most important point of all—to see that your entry is in by August 15.

48 BIG "BULLETS" CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 811.

Mr. H. Hodgson, 15, Goschen Street, Blyth, Northumberland.

Example:—WIFE'S SMILE
Bullet:—GOT ME "THROUGH IT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

D. Banham, 230, Selsdon Road, South Croydon, Surrey.
Example: Army Of Motorists
Bullet: Roads Must "Advance", With.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

J. Murdoch, 9, Whitby Street, Glasgow.
Example: Sun-bathing
Bullet: No Wonder "Copper Coloured."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

F. COAST, 27, Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middx.
Wife's Smile: Earn It—Return It!

ELLIOT, 16, Grosvenor Avenue, Birmingham.
Happy Pair: Lives Full, Not Eventful.

E. GOWER, 77, New Road, Chatham.
At The Seaside—*Grundy* Sees The "Serpent."

HARDY, 29, Windsor Crescent, Newcastle.
Happy Pair: So The *World* "Divorced."

J. MANS, 17, Tankards Close, Bristol.
Chap With A Camera—Prince "Shrank"—Mayor "Swelled."

B. MARTIN, 27, Honeywell Road, London, S.W.
Finished Article — Serial, Play — Wallace's Morning!

S. MILLATT, 31, Church Road, Gatley, Cheshire.
Happy Pair — Wearing "Shorts" — "Trousers" Undisputed.

MRS. H. OAKES, 47, Norman Road, Bow, E.
Through Thick and Thin—"Filter" Purifying Couple's Love.

H. PHILLIPS, 292, Fosse Road South, Leicester.
What Is A Lottery?—A Trick To Patrick.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

D. M. WILSON, Church Avenue, Glasgow.
On Solid Ground—Friendship—Permits Pal's "Dig."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

R. BARRATT, 1, Ford Place, New Basford, Nottingham.
When She's At Home—Giving Trouble—Or Party!

J. T. A. BLACKMAN, 73, Balfour Road, Dover.
At The Seaside—I'm "Machine" *Supplying* Pennies.

S. BRASSINGTON, Bradford, Youlgrave, Derby.
Centre Of Attraction—Window Enterprising Shopkeeper Smashed.

J. I. KENNEDY, 19, Ramsbottom Street, Accrington.
Chap With A Camera — Took Bull — Then Hedge.

A. MACKERETH, 40, Hamlyn Avenue, Hull.
Army Of Motorists—Making Countryside A "Mess."

J. MORRISON, 275, Warriston Street, Glasgow.
Cricket Enthusiast — "Well Hel——Well, Hell!"

Miss F. NEISH, 6, Loanhead Crescent, Newarthill, Motherwell.
Wife's Smile — "Dazzle" That *Prevents* "Collisions."

Mrs. E. E. ROSS, c/o Halton Villa, Stephenson Road, Cowes, I.O.W.
When Everybody's Ready — Mother's "Thanks"—"Hurry, Do!"

F. STAINES, 12, Hall Road, Stratford, E.
Centre of Attraction—Urchin—Friends Want Core.

A. WILKS, 37a, Astonville Street, Southfields, London, S.W.
Hitting Back — Angler Questioning Hiker's "Miles."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

In accordance with our published announcement, each winner of £1 and over will receive an additional cash Bonus of £5.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £3,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 810 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Baylis, 51, Raddlebarn Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 815 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 2 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 815

WHERE GOVERNMENT'S GOING	BOOK OF FATE	WITH A ROAR
OVER THE PRECIPICE	DROPPING	LOOK AROUND AND
BACK FROM SCHOOL	FINDING FAULT	WHEN IT'S HOT
WHEN DAD KEEPS HOUSE	ON HOLIDAY	AFFABLE STRANGER
HALCYON DAYS	MATCH FOR HER	CENTRE OF ATTRACTION
JUST AS SHE SAID	AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER	RUDE
ENJOYING THEMSELVES	DESIGNING FEMALE	IN A TWINKLING
IN ANTICIPATION	WHEN LIFE'S SPENT	PANGS OF CONSCIENCE
ROMANCE OF BUSINESS	REAL HAPPINESS	"GOT HIM!"
PLAIN ENOUGH	IN THE WRONG DEPARTMENT	DECLINED WITH THANKS
WELL-MEANING IDIOT	PANDEMONIUM	WHO RUNS THE COUNTRY?

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(815) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 815, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is a express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

GREAT DAILY HERALD HOLIDAY BALLOT

Hurry! Hurry!! HURRY!!!

THE opportunity of winning £5,000 in the Great "Daily Herald" Holiday Ballot is slipping away. This simple and entertaining contest, in which a cash fortune is offered, closes in a few days. The Ballot is open-to-all and in addition to the huge must-be-won cash prize an extra £1,000 will be paid to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Run your eye down the list of resorts opposite. Sum up quickly in your mind the respective merits of each and then fill in the Entry Form now. A little skill and careful thought may bring the mammoth cheque to you . . . Don't be late! H-u-r-r-y!

All You Have to Do—

1. Read carefully the directions on the Entry Form.
2. Vote for your own favourite resort (**ONLY ONE**) by placing a cross (**X**) in the column on the **LEFT-HAND** side of the Entry Form.
3. Next make a forecast in the column provided on the **RIGHT-HAND** side of the Entry Form of what you consider will be the order of popularity decided by the general vote. To do this simply place the figure 1 opposite your first choice, the figure 2 opposite your second choice, and so on up to 14.

Keep a copy of your forecasts, a note of the resort for which you vote as your favourite and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish. Further Entry Forms are appearing daily in the "Daily Herald" up to **Saturday, August 8th—after that, no further Entry Forms will appear. A few minutes of your time may bring you this great fortune of £5,000. Enter for this fascinating Contest of skill by filling in the Entry Form on the right to-day.**

OPEN TO ALL

Place in Column below a X against your own favourite Resort. Put one X only. If you send in more than one entry, vote each time for the same town as your favourite.

DAILY HERALD
HOLIDAY BALLOT ENTRY FORM
No. J.5.

£5,000

MUST BE WON

FORECAST BELOW

In the Order of Popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts. Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, 2 opposite your second choice and so on up to 14.

	BLACKPOOL
	BOURNEMOUTH
	BRIDLINGTON
	BRIGHTON
	DOUGLAS
	HASTINGS
	LLANDUDNO
	MARGATE
	ROTHESAY
	SCARBOROUGH
	SOUTHEND
	WESTON-SUPER-MARE
	WEYMOUTH
	GREAT YARMOUTH

Complete in Ink.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters.)

.....

State if Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."

(Yes or No).....

AFFIX a three-halfpenny stamp to space on right.

Address entry to Holiday Ballot, "Daily Herald," 8, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

On the back of your envelope you must write in the bottom left-hand corner the name of your favourite town and the number of votes you enclose for this town. Also, on the flap, write your name and address in block letters. Failure to do this involves disqualification.

AFFIX YOUR THREE-HALF-PENNY STAMP HERE.

Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

Save your Entry Forms until close of contest then send in all together in same envelope to arrive not later than first post Thursday, August 13th. Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald" until Saturday, August 8th.

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